

AS THE BISHOP
SAW IT.



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RT. REV. CASPER H. BORGESS, D. D.

“AS THE BISHOP SAW IT.”

FROM AMERICA TO ROME.

LETTERS OF THE

RIGHT REV. C. H. BORGESS, D. D.,

LATE BISHOP OF DETROIT, DESCRIBING HIS TRIP TO
ROME IN 1877.

EDITED BY

VERY REV. FRANK A. O'BRIEN.

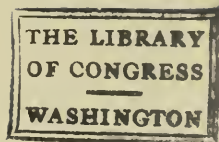
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1892

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1892.

*Kalamazoo,
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AS A
TRIBUTE
OF
FILIAL RESPECT AND GRATITUDE
TO THE PASTOR OF MY EARLY YEARS, TO WHOM AFTER GOD
I OWE THE GRACE OF MY VOCATION TO
THE PRIESTHOOD,
THE RIGHT REVEREND MONSIGNORE,
EDWARD JOOS,
VICAR GENERAL OF THE DIOCESE OF DETROIT,
IS THIS VOLUME AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED.

F. A. O'B.

PREFACE.

Right Rev. Caspar Henry Borgess, D. D., the late Bishop of Detroit, Michigan, visited Rome in 1877, in compliance with the General Law of the Church, which requires, at certain stated times, an account of the administration of a Bishop.

He was accompanied by his Chancellor, Very Rev. Henry J. H. Schutjes, several clergymen of his Diocese, and the venerable Mr. J. B. Mauntel, of St. Louis, Mo., a warm personal friend. After his death, a complete file of his letters, descriptive of this trip, were found. They were deemed worthy of publication. It is our pleasure to present them to his friends.

F. A. O'B.

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“AS THE BISHOP SAW IT.”

I.

On Board the Steamer “City of Berlin,” }
May 4, 1877. }

Six full days have been spent in the enjoyment of “life on the ocean wave.” This moment many persons are busy describing the scenes and incidents which have so pleasantly transpired among the passengers, now almost feeling toward one another as if they were one great family. Our good old friend, feeling confident of a favorable report about himself, requests me to write to the folks at home, the compliance with which affords me great pleasure. The cold, rainy and gloom-weather gave us a dismal start from New York on last Saturday, pre-shadowing a speedy invitation of the sea-faring ordeal, so generally and justly anticipated by all who have not been taught the contrary by experience.

It continued all day Sunday. The sea being pretty rough, the representation on deck and at meals was rather slim. Among those who ven-

tured out into the fresh air were many who looked, in the words of a fine old gentleman from Kentucky, "as if all their relations had died." Mr. M. has so far disappointed himself and his friends. He felt sure that he would be a victim of the prevailing contagion. He complained of feeling dizzy and even now will not venture enjoying the grand swing of the steamer from aloft, yet so far he has been prompt in obeying the breakfast, dinner and supper bell. We have the honor of the company of the Right Reverend Bishops Krautbauer, of Green Bay, and Seidenbusch, of Northern Minnesota, Rev. Messrs. Lemagie, Griffin, Edwards, Kearney, and Abbot Edelbrock — a clerical party of twelve on board the steamer.

There is a lively discussion going on now about the arrival of the latest news and very naturally everybody crowded up to the reporter, who gives the minutest details about the school of whales seen this morning.

"That's too bad!" impatiently exclaimed one of the lady passengers, "I've almost strained my eyes looking for them, ever since we are on the ocean, and there, they are gone!" I confess that I sympathized with the many, and shared some in the disappointment of not having risen at an earlier hour for the enjoyment of the sight. But

stepping aside, I inquired of one of the tars about the whale story, who said: "No — oh it was a kind of black fish that looks some like a whale."

But the whale story having been fairly started gained credence, until many believed that though they could not see the creatures, yet "the stream of water sent up as the whales plunged along left no doubt of their identity." Only a few enjoyed the privilege of the sight, and the affair began to remind one of ghost stories, the apparitions being the gift of a certain ominous class.

At sea the most insignificant events seem to amuse everybody, and become the topic of the day. The vessels and steamers which pass by are watched with marvellous delight. The greatest number which we saw in one day was eleven vessels and two steamers. There being so many individuals engaged in drawing a pen picture of the voyage, the company, the sayings and doings, the joys and sorrows, the likes and dislikes, and the innumerable items noted, I fancy that, if they could be collected, and a copy presented to every one on board, the exhibit would be of the most amusing kind, and a sure cure for dyspepsia.

Much of the time is spent, on board a ship, in walking on the upper deck. The grouping of parties, the serious mien of some, the gay and merry deportment of others, and the general dis-

play of dispositions and character, is not the least interesting study on board a steamer. The same observations may be made in the smoking room, where every table is occupied by card players and contestants in the game of chess or checkers. It is, evidently, a little world of a peculiar type, in which good humor prevails.

Kind feelings are sumptuously nursed, and the friendship toward one another seems to be stamped with more than ordinary sincerity.

"We are making good time," says Capt. Kennedy, "and prospects bid fair that we will make a quick voyage across the ocean." These words cheer every passenger with the delightful anticipation of the pleasure of soon seeing land. * *

C. H. B.

II.

Paris, May 12, 1877.

At half past nine o'clock last evening we arrived in this city, which our friend declares to be the greatest city in the world. Since my last, mailed in Queenstown, we have paid a railroad visit to the cities of Liverpool, London and Dover in England, Ostende, Bruges, Ghent, Brussels and Louvain in Belgium, besides the many cities, towns and villages along the railroad line, which, I think, average about one in every mile's distance in those countries. In England, as well as in Belgium and France, the country through which the railroad passes is one continuous garden in the highest state of cultivation, every foot of soil being utilized to the best advantage. The people in the gardens and fields at the early hour of four in the morning, hoeing, weeding, etc., bear evidence of the care and perseverance used in making sure, with God's blessing, of an abundant harvest. The farm houses are generally constructed of brick, one story high, a few have a garret story; some of the older houses are built of wood, plastered with clay, which are gen-

erally roofed with straw and frequently beautified with a vigorous growth of moss, evincing a grand old age. They are ordinarily surrounded by the stables, barns and out-houses for farm purposes, the whole forming a square of greater or less dimensions, according to the means or wants of the owners, and have the appearance of simplicity and comfort. The spring of the year, it is true, exhibits the gardens and fields to their best advantage. The foliage is fresh, and developing its full vigor; the youthful, thriving and beautiful appearance of nature in festive robes, lends it a charm which challenges the greatest admiration. But industry and skill, adding to this grandeur, makes it as near as possible to our idea — an earthly paradise.

Rev. Fr. A., being desirous of visiting his aged parent, who resides in the village of Nethen, all our party cheerfully consented to retire for a few days into solitude. Such it was, indeed, for every one but Rev. Fr. A., who had the great happiness of embracing his beloved father, and being in the midst of his brothers and all the dear ones of the family.

Our arrival soon became an event in the village. The surprise of the few who had first seen us walking on foot from the station, braving the rain and mud, led to the inquiry and soon to

the discovery of the character and mission of the strangers, and young and old continued on the watch for a more satisfactory examination, as any one of us would venture out of doors. Our proficiency in the Flemish language was insufficient for us to enter into a brisk conversation with the people, consequently we shared the usual misfortune of being supposed to be deaf, and everybody addressing us believed it necessary to shout at us, and we were obliged to bow, and smile graciously in response to this torture.

Every country has its own peculiar manners and customs. This is proved strikingly true in this village, where the manners, dress and general deportment of the people are very simple, and the hypocrisy of fashionable life, called civilization, has not poisoned the innocent heart. On the Feast of the Ascension, we had the happiness of officiating in the church dedicated to St. John the Baptist, and built more than a century ago. It is probable that devotion and curiosity united in bringing such a large crowd to the seven o'clock mass, the church being well filled; but the Sisters of Providence, who teach in the Parochial school, were the only communicants during the mass.

The ceremonial observed by the people during divine service is peculiar to the country, and can

only be edifying to those who are accustomed to it, especially the rattle of the chairs, used both for kneeling and sitting, whipped about as the purpose required, and the use made of them.

Louvain is but a small city, though it hath ancient and modern renown in literature. The first University, established by Pope Martin V, December 9, 1425, was formally opened on the 7th of September, 1426, and was frequented by 6,000 students in the sixteenth century. After the occupation of Belgium by the French, the University was closed on the 25th of October, 1797, the library scattered and the property consigned to the National Domain. The present Catholic University was opened on the 1st of December, 1835, with 261 students, and is supported by the voluntary contributions of the clergy and laity of Belgium. St. Peter's church is a truly beautiful structure of Gothic architecture, but sadly in need of repairs. The several altars in it are masterpieces of workmanship. Two of the paintings, in particular, reveal, at a glance, that the genius and hand of an artist created them. Three others, said to be still more artistic, were curtained from view, my companion remarking: "Ah! You can see, but you must pay." We visited St. Michael's, and the church of the Jesuit Fathers, which are both

handsome church edifices, but of modern date, and built in the Roman style. The library of the University is immense, and contains some of the rarest treasures, but time did not permit us to give them more than a hurried inspection. The city hall in Louvain, immediately opposite St. Peter's church, is alone worth a visit to the continent. It is a genuine Gothic masterpiece of architecture; majestic in appearance; a synopsis of the history of the Bible, from the day of creation to the era of redemption in the statuary on the outer walls, not of ordinary merit, but magnificent in every detail; and from the foundation of the building to the very summit every inch of space is occupied by such a statue, as far as the ornaments of Gothic architecture would permit. The whole looks catholic and sublime.

Having attended to the necessary business transactions in Paris, we lost no time in visiting St. Magdalen's church, so much and so generally lauded by travelers on the continent. We may be wanting in the appreciation of the sublime, (for tastes differ) but the edifice did not impress us as we anticipated and we went away without the least rapture over the grandeur seen. We continued our drive to the crystal palace and around the beautiful public square; saw the grand hotel, "Des Invalides," and paid a visit to

Madame Hardy in the "Mother House" of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, which is opposite the Hotel des Invalides. We accepted the invitation of saying mass in the Convent chapel on Sunday morning, and will have the pleasure of seeing the nine American Sisters after breakfast. My traveling companions accompanied me to the Novitiate of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, which is about six miles from the Mother House, yet within the environs of the city. The two American novices seemed delighted to see us; the inquiries about home and friends endless; and "supremely happy in enjoying an American conversation," as one of them remarked. Both assured us of their perfect happiness in religion, and that they anxiously looked forward to the day of their final consecration to the Divine Spouse in their religious profession.

To-morrow evening we start from here for Lourdes, our company from Holland having arrived. It will consist of six priests and three laymen. Adieu!

C. H. B.

III.

Lourdes, May 15, 1877.

Having left Paris in the evening we had our first experience in "premiere classe" cars. The American sleeping car, though justly considered a luxury at home, is only truly appreciated when keenly awake at four o'clock in the morning, the rocking headache and cruel fatigue, are the poor consolation that the worry of the night is nearly over. It is delightful to hear the brakeman sing out, "Bordeaux!"

"Fifteen minutes for refreshments!" sounds even more agreeable, and all hasten into the buffet to enjoy a breakfast which stands smoking hot on the table. One of the waiters, standing on an elevation in the room, sings out: "Encore dix minutes!" and again, "Encore cinq minutes!" giving the passenger the warning for the train, thus avoiding the inhuman hurry of swallowing down the meal as it often happens in America.

In this portion of France the cultivation of the grape-vine is carried on by everybody on a larger or smaller scale. This industry seems to be the great harvest on which their prosperity or pov-

erty entirely depends. The soil, from Bordeaux to Dax, is evidently very poor, and it reminds us strongly of the northern portion of Michigan, along the railroad line north of Bay City, where the "jack-pine" flourishes, which also abounds here. But even the "jack-pine" is utilized by the economical French, every tree being tapped for resin, like the maple trees at home. From Dax to Lourdes the track winds through a mountainous country, and the scenery is as grand as it is varied. Viewing the magnificent near yet distant snow-capped mountains, and the superb valleys, hundreds of feet below the train in which we are, a thrill of awe steals over us in the very admiration of Nature's grandeur.

We are in Lourdes. It is but a small town, having from 4,000 to 5,000 inhabitants; narrow, winding, dirty streets; dingy-looking houses and only one clean, comfortable hotel, which has been but lately built. The omnibus driver seemed anxious in having us go elsewhere, but we insisting on going to the one nearest the grotto. We settled down in the new and only decent-looking house in town,—Hotel de la Grotte.

Having in part disposed of the cargo of dust, and being refreshed by a hearty dinner, we repaired to the grotto at 4:30 P. M. It was pouring rain. The moment a person steps out of the

gates, on the road to the grotto, he is surrounded by the venders of wax candles and other articles of devotion, "Pour la grotte" and this importunate nonsense (as it seemed to me) continued, most the whole way to the sanctuary of miracles. From the bridge across the river the ascent to the grand church, called the "Basilica of Lourdes," and built by the side of the mountains opposite the town, begins. Following the road for some distance, you meet the cross-roads, the right of which leads to the grotto. Descending, one soon hears the murmuring of the mystic spring of the miraculous waters of Lourdes. The cave at the foot of the mountains and in the rocks is the chapel of nature into which Bernadette retired to speak in prayer with God, and to enjoy, in this solitude, the company of Heaven's host, who surround His throne of eternal glory. This cave chapel remains intact, and has but received a plain stone wall, mounted by an iron railing at the entrance. It is small;—fifteen to twenty persons kneeling in it, crowd it. In the center stands a circular chandelier, on which the smaller votive candles burn, and toward the right side, near the rock, there are several rows of very large votive wax candles burning. Near the right angle corner is a pretty large, almost round, opening in the rock of the

cave. Through this opening the Blessed Virgin Mary appeared to Bernadette, and from there the statue representing the Immaculate Mother, as she appeared, is now seen by the pilgrim kneeling in the grotto. At the very first moment that one views this miraculous Grotto, the eye rests on the many, many trophies deposited there by the afflicted who returned to their homes and friends restored to perfect health. The walking-canes, the crutches, the braces, the trusses, the innumerable other articles which science has invented in support of ailing humanity, line the walls and decorate every available space in the grotto, and publish the miracles wrought through the intercession of the Immaculate Mother of God. In the right angle corner of the cave, and to the left of the above-mentioned opening, the miraculous spring appeared, and has since been conducted along the semi-circle of the cave to the front on the left side, where it pours forth a heavy stream of water into a stone basin prepared for that purpose.

Here the V. Rev. Superior of the congregation of the Priests of the Mission, as they are called, who are in charge of the Basilica and of the Grotto met us and invited us up to the church. We began to climb the steep ascent in the midst

of a pouring rain, and entering the basement of the church, we saw the row of confessionals, and came to the altar, which stands immediately over the immense rocks—the very spot on which the Blessed Virgin appeared, and beneath which the miraculous spring pours forth. Before this altar, as well as in the Grotto, we found several persons offering the yearning of an afflicted heart, or the emotions of burning gratitude to the Throne of Mercy, through the intercession of the Immaculate Mother of God. Ascending into the Basilica or church proper, we rejoiced to see it decorated with banners, from the peak of the ceiling to the ground, carried and deposited there by pilgrims. Our American flag occupies a place on the Gospel side above the main altar. The banner offered by the first pilgrimage from America is suspended on the same side, nearly in the center of the church. On the grand arch spanning the main aisle and over the grand altar the names of the twelve apostles are inscribed in large letters, formed of hearts of gold, the votive offerings of persons who had received favors and blessings, through the intercession of Our Lady of Lourdes. On the morning of May 15th, at 6 o'clock, I had the happiness of offering the Holy Sacrifice of the mass on the altar in the basement of the church as stated, immediately over the grottó, V. Rev.

S. and Rev. A. saying mass at the same time on the altars at the right and left of this altar. Many of the votive offerings on this altar are costly and superb; the three altar cards are encircled with a wreath of large diamonds and other precious stones. Having secured a few silver medals of Our Lady of Lourdes, we returned to the cave chapel—the grotto—dipped them into the water of the spring, placed them on the rock on which the Blessed Virgin appeared and performed our farewell devotion. On account of the extensive tour before us, we could only venture on filling a small flask with the water from the fountain of Lourdes.

The Blessed Virgin appeared eighteen times to Bernadette Soubirous—on the 11th and the 15th of February, 1858; from the 18th of February to the 4th of March every day, except two days; on the 25th of March, on the 5th of April and the 16th of July. The Blessed Virgin said to Bernadette: "Will you do me the favor of coming here every day for two weeks? I do not promise to make you happy in this world, but in the next. I desire people to come here to pray for sinners. You will go and tell the priest to build a chapel here; I desire that processions come to this place; that people drink of the water of this fountain."

On the 25th of March the Blessed Virgin said: "I am the Immaculate."

At eleven o'clock A. M. of the 15th of May we started by rail for Toulouse, where we arrived at six o'clock in the evening. The road winding through the valleys of the huge chain of mountains, this trip become exceedingly interesting. At the distance we distinctly saw the grand peaks of the Pyrenees in Spain, appearing like majestic icicles, defying the rays of the sun, as well as the dark and angry looking clouds which encircled and rolled over them. The country does not seem to be fertile, yet the cultivation of the grape continues.

Passing through the city of St. Julien, whose wines are relished in Europe as well as in America, we may conclude that the harvest will bring a reign of prosperity, if nothing unforeseen happens. In Toulouse we have had time to visit three churches, which, owing to the May devotion, or Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, were well attended. At 6 o'clock A. M., on the 16th of May we started for Marseilles; but we were not fortunate enough to arrive at an early hour, it being 10 P. M. The darkness did not permit us the pleasure of seeing this renowned city, and the pressure of time, aiming to be in Rome on the 18th, did not permit a delay. We enjoyed but an hour's delay in Genoa, and began our "night journey" for Rome, and being eight

persons in that miserable coach, crowded to excess, every attempt at rest proved a sad delusion. Arriving in the Eternal City at 2 P. M. on the 18th of May, we were considerably "used up," covered with dust, and hungry as wolves, having only "two minutes" for breakfast.

C. H. B.

IV.

St. Peter's, Rome, May 20, 1877.

Of course, we first attended to our official business, which prompted our visit to this city. Very Rev. Pizzoti, General of the Congregation of the Precious Blood, had kindly secured well-furnished rooms for us, at but a short distance from his convent and about the same from the American college, No. 32 via Marroniti. Calling at the Propaganda yesterday at 4 P. M., we learned, to our regret, that His Eminence, Cardinal Franchi, was absent, but our card sent to the Secretary of the Propaganda soon introduced us to this estimable functionary. He received the Diocesan report, treated us most cordially, and kindly offered to present our requests to the Holy Father at the audience of this Sunday evening (May 20).

Our next visit was to St. Peters. Much, indeed, has been written about this greatest of the temples of Christendom, and our anticipations were not within ordinary limits, but the reality which now loomed up before us exceeded the most sanguine expectations, as we stood in the

court-yard of the rotunda, and for the first time rested our eyes, in admiration, on this grand structure. The impression made on the mind at this moment no pen can describe, no words can picture—one and all exclaimed "It is grand! it is magnificent! it is majestic!" yet they have not expressed what the eyes see, and what is now being pictured on the mind of the beholders. The double array of massive columns, of charming proportions and superb workmanship, upon which the portico of the building rests, with the row of statuary surmounting the whole, challenge your attention. One feels as if he were planted on the marble pavements, and had no more to enjoy. The procession of strangers, who have assembled in this city for the festivities of the fiftieth anniversary of the Episcopacy of our Holy Father, Pius IX, and who are confidently estimated at over 40,000 in number, advancing toward the doorway of the great vestibule of the church, we are drawn along with the crowd, yet follow involuntarily. We stop in breathless admiration at the bas relief synopsis of history which ornaments the entry into the vestibule. Having passed the huge curtain of leather hangings in the doorway, and offered the tribute eagerly looked for by the beggars, who struggle with one another for the privilege of lifting this

curtain, the immense vacant space in which you stand surprises you. Looking to the right and left, it would seem four good-sized American churches could stand in this vestibule, without, in the least, crowding the space. You stand at once before and in the midst of the greatest stationary panorama of art and beauty, the four walls and ceilings presenting the fresco paintings and the statuary of the old masters, whose genius and skill have been the admiration of centuries, and to-day fill the soul with the noblest emotions. You look, and look again, at the one and the other, and look again at the whole, with ever-increasing pleasure. But the never-ending procession, passing in and out, invites you to follow into the temple itself. Here at the threshold you halt, and, having viewed the exterior as a whole, you now try to gain a picture of the interior as a whole; but the grandeur, the sublime, the majestic, so swiftly hurry into view, that the detailed examination of each church within this great temple, forces itself upon you. It is too much of a treat for one day; a week would hardly be sufficient time to enjoy and appreciate it all. The building in the interior is 607 feet long; the transept forming the cross, 445 feet; the width of the nave, 89 feet; the height of the nave, 150 feet; the width of each of the side

aisles, 21 feet, and the height 47 feet; each of the four great pillars supporting the dome, over the center of which rises the cross, is 232 feet in circumference; the height of the dome, 458 feet. St. Peter's covers five acres of ground. Looking at the high altar in the center aisle at a distance, one feels greatly disappointed. It appears so small under the bronze canopy, yet it is really 120 feet high. Had I been asked to guess, my answer would have been that the extreme height might be from 30 to 35 feet.

It is amusing to see the surprise of everyone who has seen the little plump white angels holding the holy water font, standing at the base of the second grand arch, finding them upon approaching, to be of such gigantic size that a small sized person cannot easily put their hand in the basin. Having passed the third and fourth grand arches you stand before a crown of lights encircling the "Confessio Sti Petri." One hundred and fifty lamps are constantly kept burning here, but this number is greatly increased on account of the festivities. The visitor kneeling down to offer his prayers, is now "Ad Limina Apostolorum." From the middle of this circular balustrade, he descends by a marble stair to the

NOTE.—The measurements given are, as they appear in the MS.

interior of this sanctuary. At the right of the entrance is the statue of St. Peter, seated in a chair, the foot of which is reverently kissed by all who pass by. In the column to the left the precious relics are preserved—the handkerchief Veronica, upon which our Lord imprinted his face; a large piece of the real wood of the holy cross, and the spear of Longinus, which pierced the side of our Lord on the cross. The magnificent bronze gate, richly gilt and ornamented, and the four superb columns of alabaster, between which the statues of Sts. Peter and Paul stand, form the enclosure of a species of niche, this being the very oratory built by St. Anacletus, in which the bodies of Sts. Peter and Paul are entombed—it being the subterranean altar, with the images of the Savior in mosaic as an altar-piece. Returning from this sanctuary, called the "Confession of St. Peter," the feeling takes possession of us that the very bones of Sts. Peter and Paul are preaching Jesus Christ crucified—the very tomb which enshrines them bearing testimony of the one true church of Christ—the very oratory of St. Anacletus—who conversed with the Prince of the Apostles, who loved him as the representative of Jesus Christ, who venerated his relics, and had them deposited in this shrine, which became, as it were, the primi-

tive corner-stone of the great cathedral of Christendom—St. Peter's in Rome—this very oratory bears witness "That the gates of hell shall not prevail against the Church."

We are in sight of the tribune and chair of St. Peter's. It is in the semi-circle of the upper part of the nave, adorned by the design of the great artist, Michael Angelo. Above the altar are four gigantic statues in bronze, representing St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, St. Athanasius and St. John Chrysostom, which support the chair in which is enclosed the real chair used by St. Peter. The chair is crowned by a glory composed of angels and seraphims, the Holy Ghost in the form of a dove, being, as it were, in a transparent field in the center. In the niches around the Tribune are the statues of St. Dominic, St. Francis, St. Elias and St. Benedict, and above them are the niches containing the statues of St. Alphonsus, St. Francis Carraccint, St. Francis de Sales and St. Francis of Rome. At the distance, this chair of St. Peter's seems very insignificant, but it being 70 feet high, the majestic proportions are only realized when a person stands near by and examines it. Nearly the attention of every visitor is directed to the masterpiece of fresco painting in the upper story of the cupola or dome, which is 139 feet in diameter and 330 feet high in the inte-

rior, and in particular to the pen in the hand of the prophet, which appears about a foot in size, whereas, really, it measures six feet in length.

Having taken a hurried look at the main aisle and the cupola, we now turn aside to see the chapels in St. Peter's. There are 19 of them, each adorned with superb paintings and statuary, not of ordinary merit, but of the highest order of art, and many of them are of the choicest marble and the rarest shades. The last of the paintings or statues admired, always seemed to be the most superb in form, the most life-like in expression, the most delicate in coloring, and the most artistic in every respect. I beg to conclude this visit by assuring you, that St. Peter's in Rome is not only the largest and most beautiful church that has ever been erected, but is, without exception, the noblest work of architecture ever produced by man.

Byron apostrophises it:

"But thou, of temples old or altars new,
Standest alone, with nothing like to thee."

C. H. B.

V.

Rome, May 21, 1877.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

This is the day of the grand celebration in St. Peter's in honor of His Holiness, our glorious Pope Pius IX. Pilgrims from every portion of the globe will participate in it. They are estimated from 30,000 to 40,000 in number, and I verily believe that there are rather more than less; for wherever you go, in the streets, in the hotels, in the stores, in the churches, or in the public promenades, the crowd of strangers is immense. If it is not the promptings of devotion, curiosity has induced the strangers to hasten to the Solemnity. No doubt, owing to the concourse in the church, the absence of seating accommodations and the general confusion prevailing, there seemed to be not the slightest attempt at order.

The assembly had not even the appearance of devotion, nor that they flocked there for any other motive than curiosity. Silence was only obtained for a little while, when the several parts of the grand orchestral mass challenged more than ordinary attention.

Walking from one side of the church to the other, commenting on the monuments, statuary and paintings; yes, laughing and giggling and general merriment was indulged in, instead of hearing mass in the ordinary spirit of piety. It appeared as if but a very insignificant sprinkle of Roman citizens was in the vast crowd, the Italian language being but seldom heard. The vastness of St. Peter's church was seen to great advantage; the number of people assembled being, at the very lowest estimate, 30,000, and yet the edifice appeared far from being half filled. The ceremonial of a Pontifical High Mass, celebrated by one of the Cardinals was carried out to perfection. The many dignitaries seated in the Sanctuary, and the singing, executed in a style for which the choir of St. Peter's is renowned, and without equal in the world—the whole would have inspired devotion and awe, if the service could have taken place at home. The Lauds having been chanted by the clergy in the sanctuary or choir, and Cardinal Boromeo being vested for mass, the procession, led by six guards of honor, dressed in the quaint Roman style, moved on to the altar and mass commenced.

In the sanctuary there were many priests and Bishops, who, from the peculiarities of the caps, cassocks, surplices, rochettes and mantillas,

showed that they had come from many different countries, there being but a few in the strictly Roman clerical costume. The singers and musicians forming the choir of that day, were about equally divided in the two organ lofts, to the right and left sides of the main altar. In each of them there were large organs. Both choirs were directed by one leader in an elevated position in the choir on the gospel side, who was attired in a purple cassock and rochette—such as Bishops wear in the United States. The music was of the "Palastrini" order, with a full orchestra accompaniment. It was executed with inimitable perfection. Each singer seemed to know his part by heart, no one scarcely ever glancing at the scroll before time. There were no female singers. Among the voices the two sopranos were the most marvellous, rendering their parts with as much facility and grace as the prima donna of rare culture of voice, yet they were two full bearded men, with whom two boys of about the age of 14 and 16 years seemed alternately to rival. In the sanctuary the prescribed rubrics are strictly observed, and immediately round about the sanctuary a good many persons are kneeling, evidently trying to hear mass devoutly. Many others, standing in their proximity, appear to follow the divine services. But

the great crowd of the assembled continue to enjoy themselves, and give not the least indication of devotion. The services ended at a few minutes after noon.

The remainder of the day was spent inspecting the stores on the Corso—the street which exhibits fancies, curiosities and luxuries of every imaginable description, which are admired by the throng of strangers in the city. The cost of which, counted by our dollars, are so low, and the workmanship so superb, that the best resolution not to load your valise down with the unnecessary, is insufficient to resist the allurements. Besides, our French gold 20-franc piece is worth \$22.60 in Italian money, for, like in the days of our civil war, paper currency is the only money in this country, and gold and silver are only in the hands of the strangers whom, on that account, are cordially welcome. To-day I learned that taxes in Rome are 40 per cent., which, in a country like this, is evidently the forerunner of bankruptcy. The extra Holy Day being over, we will again call at the Propaganda to-morrow morning, in hopes of bringing our official business to a speedy end. Then we will be free to devote the rest of our stay to the visiting of the several monuments of antiquity and of art. Adieu!

C. H. B.

VI.

ST. PETER'S OF THE CHAINS.

Rome, May 22, 1877.

Having given you an account of St. Peter's, and the semi-centennial celebration of the Episcopate of the Holy Father, at which he himself was not able to attend, for prudential reasons, I take pleasure in relating our visit to the Basilica of St. Peter's "Ad Vincula." The occasion of the consecration of a new altar was the extraordinary solemnity, and the exposition of the two chains which held St. Peter prisoner in Jerusalem and Rome, which, when coming within reach of one another, miraculously joined as if they had been one (A. D. 435), induced us to go there on this day. The exterior of this church is unsightly, showing great need of necessary repairs. It was built in the year of our Lord 442, has three aisles, twenty Doric columns of Greek marble, and two of granite, which support the grand middle arch, and it possesses great treasures in the bodies and relics of the martyrs of the primitive church. Among the several

pieces of art which adorn this Basilica, is the picture of St. Sebastian, a beautiful mosaic of the seventh century. Also a "Pieta" attributed to the artist Pomarancio. The grand statue of Moses,—the master-piece of Michael Angelo, acknowledged to be one of the most celebrated statues in the world,—challenges attention and admiration. It, alone, richly rewards a visit to this church. It gives a better idea of the grandeur and majesty of the great man of God than many years of study.

ST. CLEMENT'S.

We visited the church of St. Clement, Pope and martyr, on the way from St. Peter's of the chains. It is considered one of the oldest in Rome. The present edifice was erected in 1108, the ancient one having been leveled to the ground in the time of Robert Guiscard. It is particularly interesting, showing, in the interior arrangement, the observance of the rites of the ancient church.

It is divided into three aisles, with columns of different marble, taken from other ancient buildings. In the middle aisle is an inclosure, which, in primitive times, served as a chair, with a pulpit from which the epistles, gospels, etc., were read. Next to the inclosure is the sanctuary,

entirely separated from the other portion of the church, in which is the altar of the confession, or the main altar, which contains the urn, filled with the ashes of St. Clement, and St. Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch. By the excavation made it was discovered that the present church was built on the same spot, where the primitive church of the saint stood, and the stairs near the sacristy lead us down into the subterranean chapel. These were frequent in the early ages of the church, necessitated by the cruel and relentless persecutions of the Christians. Here we find a series of well-preserved fresco paintings of the 8th, 10th and 11th centuries.

ST. JOHN LATERAN.

St. John Lateran is one of the most interesting Basilica's in Rome, it being the ancient cathedral of the city, of which the sovereign, Pontiff, takes formal possession after his election. It was founded by Constantine the Great, and received its name from the place in Laterano in which it was built. In 1308 the old church of ten centuries was destroyed by fire, and the present edifice was begun by Pope Clement V. It was completed and embellished by his successor.

The front view is as odd as it is imposing; four large columns and six pilasters support a

massive cornice, surmounted by a balustrade, graced with several statues, in the center of them a colossal figure of the Savior. Between the columns and pilasters there are five Balconies, from the center of which the Pope gives his benediction. It has five front doors, but the one to the right is walled up and called a "Porta Sancta," because it is only opened in "Anno Sancto"—the twenty-fifth year of the Jubilee. In the interior it has five aisles.

SCALA SANCTA.

The Scala Sancta consists of twenty-eight marble steps, which belonged to the Palace of Pilate. It is held in great veneration because Jesus Christ ascended and descended them several times, bathing them with his precious blood.

The Baptismal font of Constantine is formed of an antique urn placed in the center of the circular space, surrounded by a balustrade and covered with a dome, supported by two rows of columns. The frescoes and statues represent the life of St. John the Baptist. In the cathedral of St. John Lateran the heads (skulls) of Sts. Peter and Paul are preserved.

On the road from this church to St. Paul's, "outside the walls,"—the first way-side chapel of devotional interest,—is where St. Peter, the

apostle, meeting Jesus, asked the Lord: "Lord, where art Thou going," and the Savior deigned to answer, "I come to Rome to be again crucified." In the chapel is the life-sized statue of the Redeemer, holding the cross in his right hand, and at the foot of the base of this there is "the stone on which the Savior left the print of his foot,"—at this apparition. At but a short distance from St. Paul's, on this same road, is another chapel built on the spot where St. Peter and Paul took leave of each other, "with the kiss of peace," immediately before the martyrdom of both, the scene being represented by bas-relief figures of the two apostles. This memorable little chapel is in a sad state of decay, but what can be expected of a government, in such inferior affairs of Catholic piety, which auctions off the more important church property to feed the impiety of its officials, and which has turned many chapels and sanctuaries into stables for horses. Poor Catholic Italy! The insults offered to the Almighty will be avenged by the King of kings, who chooses his own time in scourging the stiff-necked.

ST. PAUL'S, OUTSIDE THE WALLS,

Is generally considered the most beautiful church in all Rome, and the Rev. Brother of V. Rev. H.

J. Schutjes, who had visited it before, was fully convinced of the fact. In some respects I felt inclined to agree with him. It stands in an open space. It can be viewed with all its advantages. The whole of the exterior is imposing, and the chasteness, united with the grandeur, make the most favorable impression. Still St. Peter's, in my opinion, defies it all. The origin of this church dates from the days of Constantine. In 1823 the ancient structure was destroyed by fire, and the present Basilica is therefore of recent date.

The side entrance has a grand facade, supported by twelve columns of Greek marble, but the principal or Northern entrance, facing the city has a majestic portico with seven doors, entering into the church. It is decorated with one of the grandest Mosaics—said to cover the surface of 365 metres—representing the Savior seated on a superb throne, at the base of which Sts. Peter and Paul are seated; the divine lamb and some sheep—the figures of the prophets Isaïs, Jeremias, Ezekiel and Daniel on gold relief. The portraits of the seventy-four Popes are in Mosaics—from St. Peter to John IV. In the middle aisle and centre transept is the ancient Papal altar, rescued from the conflagration of the church, ornamented with a Gothic canopy and

supported by four columns of porphyry. Under this altar is the half of the remains of Sts. Peter and Paul, the other half being in St. Peter's. The magnificent Baldichino canopy, which rises above it, is carried by four columns of oriental alabaster. The whole of this altar and its ornaments closely resemble the one of the sepulchre in St. Peter's, and is likewise encircled by ever-burning votive lamps. In the side aisles are continuation of the portraits of the Popes to the present time. The side chapels are extremely grand, and many of the paintings, though of recent date, seemed to me unsurpassed by the old masters. We must bid adieu to this charming visit, in order to go to the "Church of St. Paul of the three fountains." The distance is not great—the country quite hilly—the ravines frequent. There are several good quarries in this vicinity, which yield pretty good building stone. This is the country drenched with the blood of the thousands of martyrs, who fled into these ravines from the fury of the tyrants and were hunted down like wild beasts. Though many of the remains were stealthily carried away and buried in the catacombs, yet, at the right of the entrance of the grounds of the church of the three fountains, there is a monumental chapel erected in honor of the remains of 10,203 martyrs

interred there. The church to the left, or opposite to this chapel of the martyrs, is being repaired. Having for years been abandoned, it became almost a ruin, and thus far it is of little interest to the visitor, except the fact that it is one of the three churches built by the early Christians. At the entrance of the church-yard are the three fountains. In the corner to the right of the shrine, supported by columns of verd-antique, is the marble column or block—almost a wedge-shape on the top, upon which the head of St. Paul was laid for the beheading. In falling, it bounded thrice, at almost equal distances, and in the three places where the Saint's head struck the ground, three fountains sprang forth, and have miraculously continued ever since to pour out their capacious streams. By special request of Holy Father, Pius IX, the Trappists have returned to this sacred spot, no doubt, to die in holy obedience to the wishes of the Sovereign Pontiff, because their own community had abandoned it on account of the malaria arising from the swamp in the immediate vicinity. America has, however, come to their relief; one of the Trappists from Kentucky, U. S., being sent to this convent, and having heard of the medicinal properties of the Eucalyptus tree, cultivated in South America and California, concluded "In Nomine

Domine" to try it as an antidote against the malignant fever. The Eucalyptus grows spontaneously and luxuriantly on the convent farm, and preparing tea from the bark and leaves, the result following the use of this tea proved almost miraculous in curing the sickness of the monks. The manufacture of Eucalyptus Extract, which is quite extensively sold there, and elsewhere, is one of the resources of the monks in meeting the expenses of restoring the old, dilapidated church.

If I did not feel confident that you are anxious to learn all about Rome and its grandeur, and feel as deep an interest in all these evidences of our holy religion as we do, I should consider it a duty to apologize for this long letter. Adieu!

C. H. B.

VII.

Rome, May 25, 1877.

AUDIENCE.

The anxiously looked for audience with the Holy Father for all the Americans in the eternal city, Catholics and Protestants alike, was granted yesterday. The hour appointed was noon, and the tickets issued demanded the holder to be there at 11:30 o'clock. Our company, in which Mr. M. was the only layman, was among the punctual, there being about fifty persons in the audience hall upon our arrival. This hall can easily hold one thousand persons, the five hundred did not fill it half. The visitors are expected to stand, there being no seats, and only benches along the two side walls, no doubt, intended for the infirm and aged. In order not to crowd the Holy Father from view, benches form a hollow square in the entire length of the center of the hall. It is neatly frescoed and looks plain and handsome. A good English lady, who had been ushered into the apartment set aside for the Bishops and Cardinals, quite near to the throne on which His Holiness was to

be seated, kindly entered into conversation with me without a formal introduction. She volunteered the information that the Holy Father would not appear until about one o'clock, as she has enjoyed the privilege of seeing him every day this week at the several audiences given. This maneuver would not have astonished me were she a Yankee lady, or a female reporter for one of our papers, but a lady of English gravity, to worm her way so dexterously, is worth recording. As soon as propriety permitted I bowed myself away, and moved over to the corner on the opposite side which our company had wisely selected, it being the only sure spot, from which they could get a full view of the Holy Father. I informed them of the hour's patience to be exercised. Apropos! Let me tell you, I never saw our friend look more dignified and venerable than yesterday. He was dressed according to the prescribed etiquette—a swallow-tailed coat, white vest, white neck-tie, and the barber had done his best to make him look lordly, and his bright and beaming countenance was in keeping with the whole. The ladies wore a black dress and black lace veil, but all of them were loaded down with rosaries, medals, crucifixes, etc., etc., to be blessed as souvenirs of this auspicious occasion. The priests and Bishops were attired in

the usual full clerical dress. As the time approached, I left our company and repaired to the first ante-chamber, where the Cardinals and Bishops were assembled, awaiting the arrival of His Holiness. From the United States were present Archbishop Wood, Bishops McCloskey, McNierney, Dominic, Galberry, Leroy, Dubois, Krautbauer, Seidenbusch and self, and the abbot of St. Cloud, Edelbrock, O. S. B., besides several French and English Bishops. In the second ante-chamber were a great many French and English priests, and the laity of noble rank, and priests from the continent, who understood the secret of getting behind the curtain.

Lo! the signal is given, and the noble guard, in their beautiful uniform, wearing the ancient Roman helmet, present arms as the Holy Father is carried to the entrance of the door of our ante-chamber. The Cardinals and Bishops kneel for the first blessing, and in the center of the room the chair is lowered, and the Holy Father allows a pleasant little chat to his sons in Christ, who now eagerly surround him. He has a kind word and benign, parental smile for each of them. You have seen the likeness of Pope Pius IX—every Catholic is familiar with it—but among his own children in private, he does not look a bit like the picture of him. He is so fatherly, so

kind, so mild, so simple and humble, one feels at once quite at home. The limbs of the Holy Father entirely refuse to serve him, and he is obliged to be carried in his chair by four fine looking men, dressed in scarlet uniform, from his private room into the audience hall. The noble guard advance before the Pope and the Cardinals and Bishops, two by two, follow in the slow procession to the hall.

It is an American audience—they who are, in all Europe, supposed to be the very essence of rudeness. Behold! the assembly in the second ante-chamber, among whom there was not a single American, broke into a shameful scramble and threw the procession into disorder; the master of ceremonies shouted for order; the Cardinals and Bishops looked horrified; the Pope is the only one who sadly smiles. Of course, all this will be put to the account of "American rudeness," whereas it was the so-called "European politeness" which, alone, was guilty of this disgraceful scene. Order having been restored and each one assigned his place, Archbishop Wood stepped before the throne and read the address in behalf of the American Bishops. It being pretty long, the time gave me the desired opportunity of not only seeing, but observing the Holy Father with great satisfaction. But he

appears now, as you see him in the good likeness; he sits quite erect, his countenance continues mild, yet very firm, his eyes are bright and fixed; he scans the audience before him with searching interest, yet no sentiment nor sentence of the address escapes his attention. Yes, he looks the Pope, the real representative upon earth of Jesus Christ. Now the Master of Ceremonies invites each American Bishop to approach His Holiness; next in order were the priests and laymen, who had offerings to give, each one being privileged to kiss the ring on his hand. This ceremony over, the Pope began his address, which the telegraph wires will have reported and you read long before this letter can reach you. Pius IX truly speaks with a marvellous facility, real grace of manners, great vivacity, and an occasional display of good humor. His voice is clear and strong, betraying none of the tremor usual in persons of such great age. Rising, in conclusion, for the blessing, he announced that he wished to bless each and every one present, and each and every one represented by them; the Catholics in America for an increase of Sanctity, and the Protestants that they may be enlightened in Divine truth, and that he grants the usual indulgences for the articles he is about to bless, and in particular, the

plenary indulgence at the hour of death for the crucifixes. All present, Catholics and Protestants, without exception kneeling down, the Holy Father intones the blessing in a clear sonorous voice and gives the papal benediction. The assembly is estimated five or six hundred in number. The Pope being carried away, the audience is over. The most momentous event in my life, which will never be forgotten.

QUIRRINAL.

Owing to the important state of things, and the robber—occupant—called King of Italy, I could not enjoy a visit at the Quirrinal Palace, and had to content myself with admiring the exterior magnificence. Nearly opposite, on the right side and across the street, is St. Andrew's church. Being oval in form, it looks but small, but is a model of beauty, and abounds in superb paintings; the altar, under which the body of St. Stanislaus Kostka rests, in particular is gorgeously rich and elegant. Adjoining the church is the house, and the room in which St. Stanislaus lived. It has been converted into a little chapel, handsomely frescoed, and the statue of the dying saint is admirable.

ST. MARY'S OF THE ANGELS.

At the church of the angels, a Dominican friar

introduced himself, speaking German, and took great pleasure in showing us around and explaining everything in their church. Like the great majority of the churches in Rome, its exterior is very unsightly, so much so, that here as in many other instances, we questioned if the trouble of getting out of the carriage and going in would be repaid. But the interior of this church surprises not a little in its grandeur. Of the ordinary sanctuaries of religion in this city, it is one of the most magnificent. It is in the form of a Greek cross; the columns are of red granite, brought from Egypt, 45 feet above the ground. The rotunda in the front of the church serving as a vestibule, is the very place of the ancient hot baths.

Crossing the next street, there is a dilapidated-looking church; yet within, a costly and grand house of God, incrusting with Sicilian jasper and ornamented with many elegant paintings and beautiful statues, the most interesting among them, to my taste, are St. Francis, St. Joseph sleeping whilst the angel appeared to him in a dream, and St. Teresa in ecstasy. The banners above the high altar, taken from the Turks 1571, are not the least among the curiosities.

S. MARIA MAGGIORE.

Being in sight of and near the Basilica di S. Maria Maggiore, one of the grandest churches in Rome, we waived every other consideration and directed our driver to bring us there. It stands free, like St. Paul's, and the first impression is favorable. It is 177 feet above the level of the sea. It dates its origin from the year 352, was enlarged in 432 and improved and decorated in the succeeding centuries, until the present Pope Pius IX finished it.

"The Confession or the Subterranean Crypt" in front of the high altar contains "the cradle of the infant Savior," the body of St. Matthias and relics of other saints. The church has three doors, one of which is walled up, and only opened in "Anno Sancto," like the one in St. John Lateran. The three aisles in the interior are formed of thirty-six Ionic columns of white marble. The high altar is formed of a grand urn of porphyry covered with a marble slab. The altar slab is supported by four angels, one at each corner. The magnificent canopy over the altar is supported by four columns of porphyry. Though every one of the many chapels in this church is rich and beautiful, abounding in paintings and statues by masters, the altar of the Blessed Virgin struck me as particularly grand. The four

columns of the altar are covered with oriental jasper and the pedestals with agate. The capitals are gilt bronze. The image of the Blessed Virgin is the one painted by St. Luke. It is surrounded with precious stones of great value, supported by statues of angels of gilt bronze. A day spent in the church gives but a general idea of its vastness and magnificence. We are greatly fatigued—the strain on the eyes, the feet walking from altar to altar, and the tax on the mind and memory being persevered in from an early hour in the morning until hunger and fatigue reminds us of sunset, is not an easy task. Adieu!

C. H. B.

VIII.

Rome, May 26, 1877.

Our visit to the church of the Holy Cross will be as interesting to you as it was to us. It was erected by St. Helena in the gardens of Varlianus, which belonged to Heliogabolus, Emperor of Rome, in the 3d century. Having undertaken, with the authority of her son, Constantine the Great, to clear the place of the Holy Sepulchre of the idols, Venus and Jupiter and their temples erected by the Emperor Hadrian, succeeded in finding the holy cross, the nails and the inscription over the cross, in the year 326. She gave a part to Jerusalem, another part to the Emperor, and a third part she brought with her to Rome. It is a sad-looking church, greatly neglected, and needs repairs to prevent it becoming a wreck. The interior seems to share in the neglect; it does not charm by its neatness and the evidence of solicitude and care. It is divided into three aisles, and has eight massive columns of Egyptian granite. The canopy of the high altar rests on four columns composed of corals (called Breccia Corallina), which looks truly

grand. But we had seen enough of the edifice, and felt sadly disappointed in not finding what we particularly desired. A priest at this moment opened the sacristy door and looked into the church. He was the man we just now wanted to see, but he retired and closed the door. However, we were not to be baffled so easily, and followed him into the sacristy, and made inquiry about the relics. He politely answered our questions, and informed us that the chapel was locked and he could not open it. It became necessary to inform him that a Bishop from America was addressing him; he bowed reverently, quickly found a bunch of keys, and asked us to follow him. Having descended three stairs, and opened as many doors, we entered the subterranean chapel. It is small, and has but one altar on which are the relics of the Holy Cross, consisting of one large piece, both ends of which have considerably diminished,—by the many particles taken off,—and two smaller pieces. The priest put on a stole, and taking the large relic of the Holy Cross, he handed it to me, and, having kissed it, I offered it to my companion to kiss it, which he did with tears in his eyes. We held in our hands, also, one of the nails which fastened Our Lord to the wood of the cross, and which is, probably, four or five

inches long, somewhat bent in the middle and near the point, with a round head like a cap. We were privileged, also, to venerate two thorns from the crown of thorns pressed on the divine head, one of which is considerably longer and sharper than the other, and both of them are longer than the thorns on the locust tree in our country; a part of the column or pillar on which our Lord was scourged, and two pieces of stone of the Sepulchre into which the body of our Lord was laid after the crucifixion; also a large bone of the fore-finger of St. Thomas which touched the wounds of our Lord after his resurrection. Having seen, venerated and lovingly kissed these sacred evidences of our Holy Religion; holding them in my own hands, I could not help thinking of the words of the apostle: "I believe, O Lord, help Thou my unbelief."

You see we have found the cradle of the cross,—followed our Divine Saviour, as it were, from Bethlehem to Calvary. We have seen the relics of His apostles, stood on the tomb of the 10,203 martyrs,—all bearing testimony of the divinity of Jesus Christ and of the church which he established, of which the apostles were the ground and pillars, and for which the martyrs died in the glorious confession of the one true

faith. For the privilege which we have enjoyed we will ever feel thankful to Almighty God. Though we ought to feel and say "Enough, O, Lord, enough!" yet I beg you to accompany me unto the Catacombs to complete this triumphant celebration.

CATACOMBS OF CALITUS.

We are all supplied with wax tapers about six inches long, which are lit at the head of the stairs of stone steps, which lead down into the depths, and the descent begins. I did not count the number of steps, but think about the depth of fifty feet. The Catacombs of Calitus are the largest, and this we are now about to inspect. It is as dark as night, and the slender light from the wax tapers only suffices to discern the path, and reveal the object towards which you direct it very closely. You stand in a narrow passage about four feet wide and ten or twelve feet high. The earthen walls to the right and left of this passage are honey-combed with openings sufficiently large to receive a human body, pushed in lengthwise. The great majority of these are now open, the remains of the saints having been removed, twenty-eight wagon loads of them being at one time taken from here to St. Mary's of the Martyrs—the ancient Pantheon. The

length of these passages vary from twenty to sixty feet, I fancy. You turn, now to the right, then to the left, moving forward and backward, and to and fro, until you feel yourself entirely at the mercy of the guide, ever to see day-light. The guide stops to point out to you an ancient altar in one of the passages; it is the grave of some eminent Pope, Bishop and martyr, which forms the altar table at an elevation of about three feet from the ground on which you stand. Generally the earth has been dug away in the rear to form a semi-circle of about four feet high above the table of the altar, upon the walls of which the symbolic simple paintings are well preserved, such as "The whale of Jonas," "The three youths in the furnace," "Daniel in the den of lions," "Isaac tied on the altar ready to be immolated," "The Good Shepherd with the lost sheep on his shoulders," "Moses striking the rock," "The dove with the olive branch," "The symbol of fishes," "The symbol of the pelican," etc., etc. On the side of several of these altars is the seat of stone, serving in those days as the Bishop's throne. The most interesting of these simple paintings on the altar wall of this earth (or, more properly, "volcanic cement") is that of the "Blessed Virgin with the infant Savior on her lap," her hands folded and

raised, as well as her eyes, heavenward—the attitude of adoration. It is at once an expression of faith in the Divinity of Christ, and of the veneration in which these first heroes of Christianity held the Mother of God. Going along the other passages, some shorter and some longer, from time to time there appear larger openings in the side wall. The examination reveals that two Saints had been buried there, and in some instances three or four had been entombed at the same time side by side. The openings were walled up by earthen slabs, like smooth tiles or stone, which frequently bore the inscription of the name of the martyrs, and when the name was not inscribed, the martyrdom was indicated by the vial of the martyr's blood placed at the side of the remains. As one goes along he feels that he is walking on sacred soil—consecrated by the ardent prayers of the primitive children of the church—consecrated by the many sacrifices of the mass offered here by the many saints—consecrated by the blood of the 174,000 (and God only knows how many more martyrs) whose holy remains rested here whilst their souls celebrated the eternal jubilee before the throne of God. The wax taper is consumed, and the second is lit, and we are chilled through and through, but the prayers of

the saints whom we came to honor here, will, I am sure, save us from the threatened evil consequences, for everyone told us, that no stranger to the Roman climate can stay in the Catacombs in this heat of Summer more than ten minutes without danger of death. Surveying with our eyes the ground after we had come out of the subterranean cemetery, we concluded it to embrace about twenty acres. The catacombs of St. Sebastian, which are near by—almost adjoining this,—are entered from the interior of the church of St. Sebastian, the door being near to the Sanctuary on the epistle side. Had it not been for a party of visitors just coming out from them, whilst we were examining the church, we would probably have failed in finding this blessed spot. We again took courage,—accepted another wax taper, and bravely followed the guide leading the way down the very marble steps which the first Christians built. The interior arrangement of these are nearly the same as the one we had left, excepting that the passages seemed shorter, and the turns more sudden and complicated. Here we found the tomb of St. Sebastian, forming an altar; also many very distinct paintings, such as I have already mentioned. The chapel of St. Cecilia is the most interesting. It is remarkable for its

peculiar shape, and larger in size than any other. It is a very nice little chapel, replete with symbolic paintings, particularly of the angelic company enjoyed by the saint. There is an inscription over the entrance, stating that forty-six Popes had been buried in these catacombs. Comparatively, these catacombs are smaller than the others we have seen, and we came to light less chilled than before. To economize time, especially on account of the intolerable heat, which, in degree, is not greater than in America, but the atmosphere seems to have no elasticity, and it becomes cruelly oppressive, we contented ourselves with two meals a day,—breakfast at 7 or 8, and dinner at 5 or 6 p. m.,—and after dinner we frequently enjoyed a walk in the public promenades; not, indeed, because we felt in need of exercise, but, rather, to acquaint ourselves with the manners and customs of the people.

Let me describe my walk along the Pincian Hill. At the foot of the mountains, is the beautiful church of the Holy Trinity, which adjoins the convent of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. I said mass in the little chapel of the "*Mater Admirabilis*." Here the spectacle commences. The road is in splendid condition, and, for quite a stretch, very level. The elevation is at least

one hundred feet above the level of the city. The one-horse vehicles are here in great numbers, mostly occupied by strangers. The double carriages of the citizens abound in every conceivable style. A few drive with four horses. All enjoy the privilege of full-blooded horses, the public hacks not excepted. The scene is as exciting as a gala day in Central Park, New York. The police force is strong, and the uniformed gentry, called soldiers, seem innumerable everywhere, and especially in such places, consequently perfect order is maintained in the seemingly wildest excitement of the drives. The pedestrians enjoy a separate walk to the right and left of the wagon-road, and slowly ascend the mountains until they reach the summit, 150 feet high. The royal military band have here a richly-ornamented stand, from which they discourse the pleasing, lively Italian music every evening in summer between 7 and 8 o'clock. It does not grow dark till 9 or 10 o'clock in this season. From the Pincian Hill you have the grandest view of the city of Rome. The park on this mountain is lovely, the air exhilarating, and the visit delightful. The people, in particular the strangers, enjoy wine copiously, yet we have not seen a single case of drunkenness since our arrival. In the city below, the procession of

beggars follows you from early morning till evening. Here all is a display of luxury,—a rare exhibit of the two extremes. Adieu!

C. H. B.

IX.

THE MUSEUMS.

Rome, May 29, 1877.

Of course, I have been able to report but the more prominent features of our many visits to churches and other places of note. You would be greatly astray, however, supposing that we had been merely following the promptings of devotion, at the expense of art, science and antiquity. A whole day was spent in admiring the antiquities in the different museums and galleries. Besides, we visited the different libraries. Dear me! who would dare venture even a brief report of the innumerable interesting works of art here spread out to view? A good-sized volume would not contain their respective names. They should be seen at full leisure to be appreciated. A hurried visit like ours is a vexation instead of an enjoyment. But we are off to Tivoli, starting in a double carriage at seven, and arriving there at 10:30 A. M.; the road is very good, the morning delightful, the scenery charming, and the ride one of the most interesting in my life. At the distance, a portion of the

ancient town is seen on the summit of the mountain, which it would seem impossible for horses to climb. But the beautiful winding road ascends it gradually, revealing most interesting scenery of mountains and valleys, cliffs and precipices, which so charm the attention, that the rest on the brow of the mountain, graced by the majestic old archway of the entrance into the city, only awakened the consciousness of the fact that, looking back, the dome of St. Peter's is in the distant valley. It is said to have seven thousand inhabitants, a fact which you would question and mark down as ridiculous, viewing the apparent size of the city. But, wandering through the dirty, narrow streets, blockaded by the few donkey-carts and the indefinite swarm of idlers and half-dressed youngsters, of every age and sex, the conviction begins to grow, that it is densely populated. The weather is hot, the women, young and old, are out on the door-steps, and scattered on the streets, squatting down on the pavements, sewing, knitting, spinning, chatting, laughing and singing. Many of the men, young and old, are lying full length in the streets, on the walls, or any place, which could possibly hold a lazy human being. The whole town is the very picture of indolence, yet not a single intemperate person is seen. Here the guides are

as bad as the mosquitoes in our own country; if you shoo away one, half a dozen are ready to bounce on you. Our first visit was to the famous "Falls," which, compared to the Niagara Falls, are but insignificant. Descending, however, by the tunnel path made along the river edge of the precipice, they look formidable enough. The occasional openings for rest and viewing the scenery, the variety within the small compass is truly grand. This appears more gorgeous from the grotto beneath the falls, where the struggle between the torrent of angry waters, and the stubborn rocks, present a picture, the sublimity of which the pen cannot describe, and the pencil can but faintly imitate, though guided by a master hand.

The falls are 150 feet, and the work of art—the river Annio being conducted to this precipice to prevent an inundation of the city in seasons of freshets. Standing on the interesting ruins of the temple of Vista, to the right of which is the temple of Sebilla, converted into a church dedicated to St. George, the view of the falls is majestic, the charming valley being spread out before you. The ancient villa and gardens of Horace, so brilliantly sung in his poetry, now the church of St. Anthony, are admired at the foot of the opposite ridge of mountains, and the visitor turns away, a

greater admirer of the romantic taste of the ancient Romans, who resided here, rather than the splendor of ancient Rome—the mistress of the known world. The ride, returning to the city, was even more charmingly interesting than the morning, the descent exposing to view the grand scenery of the near and distant mountains to the right and left of the road, the glacier peaks of those to the right sparkling diamond rays in the defiant clouds which seemed to sport in the icy embrace of the crystallized crowns. On the sides of the hills, dozens of young men and women can be seen, enchanted by the music of the harp, violin and flute, stretched on the sward, or engaged in fantastic dance—the men in the slightest summer attire, and the women in the airy corset and short skirt, would seem to be the happiest people in the world. The attire of the women standing in groups on the several market places in Rome, had considerably amused us, but we only discovered to-day that it is the custom of the laboring classes, who come there to engage for the harvesting, haying, etc. I am sure that you will pardon the inadvertence to the extraordinary stock of cattle, which all of us admired repeatedly to-day, not only on account of the size, but particularly the huge horns, in many instances two feet and more in length, and, on the conti-

ment, frequently used as ornaments on the mantel-pieces, and serving as hat and coat racks; at the base they are of a pure white and the trunk of a sky-blue color. The caravans of donkeys, carrying immense baskets strapped over their backs, each of them holding a small cart-load of vegetables of every description, or a huge load of hay being strapped down on them, which buries the animal from sight, with a man or woman perched on the top, is not the least of the native curiosities.

I believe I have not yet informed you that the houses in the city of Rome are from three to four stories high. In the business streets, of course, the first floor is occupied by the stores, but in every other instance this is used for stabling purposes. The one of the house in which we are lodged is occupied by horses and two hacks. The second floor of the house serves the purpose of a garret in our country, but here in many instances the rooms are fitted up to rent to strangers. This is our luck, having a parlor and two bedrooms for ten francs a week, on the second floor. The third floor is used by the family of the owner of the house, and the fourth likewise, if they stand in need of it. But the upper floors, fourth, fifth and sixth, are rented at a handsome rate to strangers who remain a year or longer in

the city, and learn that these only are considered healthy.

No room, I think, is free from the Roman plague,—the fleas,—but the second floor is inhabited by millions, as our experience teaches, and the swollen wrists and ankles smartingly reveal in the morning. But the insect is fully naturalized in every rank of society, for the noble lady and lord, the priest and the cardinal as freely as the peasant, pay their respects in the streets, in the parlor, in company and wherever they meet them. So far from being ignored, these fleas make themselves felt at all hours of the day and night, and received due attention from the rich and poor. The lizards, too, sport numerously on the Roman walls and ancient ruins, and only the strangers are disturbed by their pranks and thrusts. The Romans seem to be on friendly terms with them.

C. H. B.

X.

Venice, June 5, 1877.

We left Rome on Wednesday, the last day of May, regretting that it was not our privilege of enjoying all the great and glorious monuments of antiquity, which, in part, had challenged our admiration during the twelve full days spent in the sanctuaries of the apostles, and the innumerable saints and martyrs of the primitive age. But we all felt that we economized time as profitably as the cruel heat and the many inconveniences would permit, to which strangers are necessarily subjected. Our trip to Naples was a continuous display of mountain scenery, such as, above all other countries, Italy abounds in. The glorious sunset was the most sublime spectacle I ever witnessed—the sun seemingly contending with a heavy bank of clouds—wrestling for his privilege, enjoyed since the day of creation, of pouring his brilliant rays on the face of the earth. Cloud upon cloud hurried across the face of the sun, appearing like huge mountains, the summit of which lit up, as if smiling a glorious victory—when, suddenly, as if by strategy, the sun burst

forth, a flood of beams, to the right and left of the black thunder-clouds, causing the apparent victors soon to grow pale in dismay. Lo! the death struggle seems to have been reached; flash upon flash of lightning follows in rapid succession, until the horizon is a sheet of flames, in which the sun retires for the night. Soon the legions of stars in the clear sky celebrate the triumph. The festive chimes all over the city of Naples announced the Feast of Corpus Christi on the following morning. There are three churches in the immediate vicinity of the Hotel Geneva, at which we stop. Turning the corner of the hotel, we faced an ancient-looking building, St. James' church, in which we entered. Having introduced ourselves, we were privileged to say mass on the grand altar,—a privilege always accorded on the continent, if the altar is not actually occupied by a high dignitary. As in Rome, so here, the stores are all open. Thousands rival one another in singing out the vegetables and other articles for sale. The streets are crowded with carts, hacks and vehicles of every description, but, with all, the churches were crowded, too, proving that, in the midst of the unholy display, there is faith and devotion among the people. This, the public procession of the Blessed Sacrament exhibited

in a marked manner, for it was the largest I ever witnessed, and lasted from 10 to 12, notwithstanding the boiling sun on the bare heads.

The reign of Victor Emmanuel and a free Italy were sadly visible in the disorder of the streets, and the general order was not what the solemnity of the occasion called for. There are three hundred churches in this city. The streets are clean. Business appears brisk and thriving. The exhibit of the extravagances of fashion on the streets, the gold- and silver-mounted equipages on the promenades, and grand drives in the evening, the general display of luxury in all public places, confirm the impression. The heat was intense during the day. In the cool of the evening we joined Revs. A. and S. for a walk. Getting into a crowd, a sharp Neapolitan boy, about 11 years of age, snatched Rev. A.'s watch-chain. A lively race between the two ensued, and the cry of "arreti" became loud and general. The lad was caught and Rev. A. had to appear twice before the police judge to recover the same.

The military band plays one hour every evening on the public square, which abounds in the rarest and most luxurious plants, and is a forest of superb marble statues.

At six o'clock on Friday morning we under-

took the excursion to Pompeii—fourteen miles by railroad. This is the favorite summer resort of the Romans of rank and wealth. The city, though small and occupying only an area of two acres, is of great renown. Cicero, Sallust, Lucretius, Ponsa, Castor and many others of the nobility had villas there. It was overwhelmed and buried by the famous eruption of Mt. Vesuvius, A. D. 79, having been much injured by previous earthquakes. At that time the sea washed the walls of the city, but it continued to recede after the eruption, and is now more than a mile from the ruins of the ancient wharves. The sinking of a well in 1748 brought to light several statues, and led to the discovery of the once-famous Pompeii. A great portion of the city has been brought to light. Nearly all the streets run at right angles, like a great majority of our cities in America, but they are miserably narrow, the widest being thirty-two feet, and the average width of the rest fourteen feet. The pavements of the streets are perfectly preserved; the deep wagon ruts in the heavy blocks of stone are a curiosity. The pavements on the narrow footpaths in front of the houses are marvels of beauty, being frequently composed of stones from one to two inches in size and diamond shaped, the whole resembling mosaic. We spent two

and one-half hours admiring the various ruins, the pictures, mosaics, vases and other ornaments in the once-grand palaces, wonderfully well preserved in the "Lava tomb" for 1,700 years. The work of excavating still continues, there being from 50 to 100 boys from 12 to 16 years of age, employed on the morning of our visit, each having a basket strapped on his back, which, when filled with the loose earth, was carried up to the bank and dumped into a mud-cart running on a wooden rail, and drawn by a donkey. We had a keen appetite, and hurried to the restaurant, called the hotel, for a hearty breakfast; then to prepare for the next adventure—the great work of the day—the exploring of the summit of Mt. Vesuvius. Two saddled horses and mules stood at the door of our hotel, ready to be mounted as soon as we were ready. Rev's S. have the two mules, no doubt because they looked so tame and subdued, Rev. A. and your humble servant mounted the two prancing ponies, our guide having jumped on the third mule, and we started off for our ascent of Mt. Vesuvius. Our ponies moved on a lively trot, which the mules seemed not to appreciate, and the young man, fortified with a good-sized club, following the party on foot, raised the shout, "Na-ce! na-ce!" accompanied each time by an

ungracious blow of a club on the backs of the tardy mules. Thus we slipped along the narrow path between the gardens, orchards and vineyards, for about thirty minutes.

The vineyards were of considerable interest, producing the famous wine called "*Lacrimæ Christi*." A merry laughter caused us to halt and look for the cause of the amusement. It was Rev. S., senior. The mule he was riding had become disgusted with the cruel use of the club, and lifted the rider out of the saddle, buried his head in the sand, while his left foot remained firmly held in the stirrup, and the good-natured beast quietly looked on the performance. Having wiped his face, and being remounted, the guide and driver gave new emphasis to the "*Na-ce*," and applied the club more vehemently, until we arrived at the "*Half-way house*." Standing on the very ground on which the precious juice grows, we concluded to be refreshed with it. The bottle is worth three francs (doubtless the price for strangers, only, who are supposed to have an abundance of gold), but we felt convinced that the wine was pure, tasted good, and the "*Lacrimæ Christi*" had refreshed us. Another brave ride brought us to the station, beyond which no beast can climb, and, from this point to the summit of the mountain, not a shrub or weed

of any kind is seen growing, the whole surface being covered with lava, looking like coarse coal ashes, which is about knee deep, with occasional rocks cropping out. The trip looks dismal enough, as you cast a glance at the height, and the almost perpendicular path leading to the fiery gulf. The officious guides are impatient; they shout "Alley! venez! la! la" holding out to you the block of wood attached to a rope, slung over the shoulders of each. Taking hold—another "Alley!"—and the man behind you pushes you, and the man with the rope pulls you forward; the picturesque ascent has begun. Having made gigantic efforts, and reached the first station, I was glad enough to sit down on the few steps dug down into the lava to serve as chairs. I felt my lungs insufficient for the air needed, and my chest too small for the bouncing heart, and I could only continue the journey at the expense of my life. I declared my determination to go no farther. But the rough-looking, yet sagacious, Italians had witnessed such scenes before, and promptly proposed to carry me up on their shoulders,—a novel performance. I don't remember of having indulged in that kind of play for, at least, more than forty-five years. It seems too grotesque. "Alley! alley!" Here I am on the shoulders of my two brave fellows, plod-

ding through the deep lava ashes, until we arrive at the second station—for rest.

Looking around, Revs. A. and S. continue their noble struggle and are soon seated near me, panting heavily and perspiring profusely. Rev. A. feels too exhausted to proceed and willingly mounts the shoulders of the guides. As they take their advance, I have a chance of admiring the grotesque picture, of which I am one of the ludicrous figures. Suddenly my men stop, let me down and begin to negotiate for the remuneration. We are about half way up, the sun is boiling hot and the lava ashes reflect an intolerable heat. The man begins by placing the forefinger of the right hand on the tip of the thumb of the left hand, saying: "Payez cinque?" repeating "cinque" until he came to the little finger. My obtuseness in not wishing to understand this ceremony, only served its repetition in louder accents, as if I were deaf, "Si vinti cinque?" Having relieved their anxiety and having repeated "Si, si, Signore!" they placed me again on their shoulders and soon brought me to rest with Rev. A. at the third station. At this point two men came running down the mountain, like wild deer, and joined our company in the task of hauling us to the mouth of Vesuvius, which was accomplished in an hour and a half, Rev. S. persevering

in walking the whole distance, with the aid of the rope and two men. The ascent is 4,500 feet, and we performed it from 10 to 11:30 A. M., on Friday, June 1, there being not a speck of a cloud visible in the sky. A raging volume of smoke rushes from the mouth of Vesuvius, which is at least half a mile in diameter. This prevents us from looking into its horrid furnace, and we find it necessary to go to the opposite side of this huge funnel, from which the strong breeze drives the smoke. The most awful sight which the imagination can depict, is here in view. It would seem as if you could look down into its fiery gulf thousands of feet; the side walls of the abyss showing the red hot sulphur. The smoke rolling up from beneath, being reddish-blue, growing darker as it is belched up, by the horrible explosions in the depths, which sounded like distant, rolling thunder, or like the sea in a storm, dashed against the rocky shore. We stood gazing into this frightful and raging gulf of fire for about twenty minutes, when suddenly a horrible explosion sent a shower of fiery rocks of every dimension about a hundred feet above the mouth of the mountain into the dense column of smoke in the air. It was natural enough that we wisely thought it best for us to leave, not knowing but the next explosion might send some of the red

hot rocks in our direction, to greet us disastrously. The sight was as awful as it is frightfully grand, and is a lively picture of hell.

We retired. But about midway from our starting point on the opposite side, our guide thought well to challenge us to test the heat of the lava on which we were standing, and proposed to roast a fresh egg which he took from his pocket. "Cinque minute" was the wager for a franc, which we readily accepted, and he dug a hole sufficient to hold the egg and covered it with the ashes, and at the expiration of "cinque minute"—five minutes by my watch, he took it out hot and hard, which the breaking revealed.

C. H. B.

XI.

Venice, June 6, 1877.

There is not, perhaps, a city in the world which obliges a person to enjoy leisure as much as this, owing to the fact that the streets are canals, with but the exception of a few alleys, and one cannot step out of doors without the assistance of a "Gondola," of which there are thousands for the accommodation of the people.

About our visit to Loretto, you have learned nothing, and it is worth naming, as we had to endure, in order to visit it, a night trip in the miserable coupe of railroad cars on the continent. We arrived there at five o'clock in the morning, on Sunday, June 3. The town is about the distance of one mile from the depot on a handsome elevation, and the church may be seen from the valley. It is evidently the most important building. There were a few wretched vehicles for the accommodation of the passengers, but we preferred to walk into the town, which seemed to be but a very short distance. Our company at this early hour caused as much curiosity to the mot-

ley crowd assembled in the public market place, as they and their singular attire was to us. Though it was Sunday, yet the market was in full blast, and that in Loretto, under the very shadow of the "House of Nazareth," the house of the Blessed Virgin, so highly prized and consecrated by the Apostles, which was placed here by angel hands. After the unsuccessful termination of the Crusades, the inhabitants of the towns of Tersato and Fiume were startled by the mysterious appearance of the house on the small mountain between the two towns. The Bishop Tersato, Alexander, being sick, had a vision, in which the Blessed Virgin informed him that the "House on the hill was the house from Nazareth," and in testimony of this revelation he was instantly cured of his illness. To attest the identity, a commission was sent to Nazareth in 1291, who found the house gone.

They measured the length and breadth of the foundation on which it once rested, and, returning, found the measure to agree perfectly with the mysterious house in Dalmatia, on the hill between Tersato and Fiume. But, on the 10th of December, 1294, the "House of Nazareth" as mysteriously disappeared from Dalmatia as it had come there, and, having passed over the Adriatic Sea, it rested near the town of Recanati,

in the Laurel forest, within the domains of the pious matron, Lauretta, and from this the place received the name of Loretto. The shepherds keeping the night watch were the first who witnessed the event, and the fact that the trees surrounding the house bended as if in reverence to the house, of which all the inhabitants of Recanati became eye-witnesses. The fame of the "Holy House" spread far and wide. Many pilgrims visited it, and frequent miracles were performed. But the "banditti," finding this a grand harvest for their nefarious trade, soon infested the forest and neighborhood, and made the place a much-dreaded spot. Having occupied this place eight months, the "Holy House" was again moved, by invisible hands, onto a neighboring hill. But the two brothers who owned the property began to quarrel over the spoils—the gratuitous offerings made by devout pilgrims. Two months later the "Holy House" moved away from this quarrel as mysteriously as it had come, and rested on the spot where we saw it. A second commission was appointed and visited the place in Dalmatia, between Tersato and Fiume and, also, Nazareth, and confirmed the result of the first Examiners. The Sovereign Pontiff, Paul II, granted the first indulgencies to the Pilgrims visiting the "House of Loretto,"

and the abundant offerings of the faithful soon enabled them to build the grand church which now surrounds the "Holy House." Having been duly introduced to the venerable Rev. Pastor, I was informed that I could say mass on the only altar in the House of Nazareth, as soon as the priest in the act of saying mass would have finished. This gave me only sufficient time for the immediate preparation, and, having been rested on cassock, rotchet and mantilla, the kind Padre surprised me with the question, "My Lord, would you like to go into the cammino?" Cammino—chimney? Why, what does he mean? But, quickly resolving to see it out, I answered "Yes." Bowing respectfully, he preceded me, leading the way to the mysterious spot. He stepped before a large gate of iron bars, motioned vehemently to beings hidden from my view, and out came about a dozen persons, young and old, and, bowing to me, he introduced me into the narrow space behind the altar in the "Holy House," and pointed out a prie-dieu, on which I knelt down and began the preparation. My prayers ended, the mysterious Cammino returned to my mind, and, looking to the left, the solution flashed on me in the reflex from the "gold-plate" which covered the hearth, or fireplace, of the "House of Nazareth." The prie-dieu on which I knelt was standing on the

hearth, and I was truly in the "Cammino." Notice being given by the same good Padre, Rev. A. and I advanced to the front of the altar, and commenced mass, at which a pretty large number of devout people were permitted to be present and receive Holy Communion. At a late hour my Reverend companions offered the Holy Sacrifice in Loretto. The "Holy House" is a very plain structure of brick, showing marked signs of rough usage, by time or otherwise; in particular, the walls to the left or gospel side. The bricks there seem to be so detached that it seems a marvel not to fall to pieces. The whole room is literally lined with votive ornaments strung along the four walls in grotesque forms. Jewels abound. The devotion of the people frequenting the Cathedral, of which the "Holy House" forms, as it were, the miraculous sanctuary, proved very edifying in the great simplicity displayed in every act of devotion and piety. The sanctity of the place would seem to have inspired the visitors, who were many, with more than ordinary reverence, for here not one of them dared to indulge in gayety and unholy mirth, so general in the cathedrals and places of worship visited by the pleasure-seekers in Europe.

Having performed our devotions, we returned to our hotel for breakfast, which was served in

better order and taste than we anticipated, the establishment wanting all the charms of so-called "modern improvements." The ludicrous scenes, however, began when we were going a second time to the cathedral for a more detailed inspection of the "Holy House," and the majestic shrine of art, which faith and piety had designed, and the offerings of pilgrims of past ages had realized. The street from our hotel leads directly to the cathedral, and is lined with stores on both sides. The storekeepers were all women of varied complexions, size and age, who appealed to us in the most eloquent manner for the purchase of articles for the "Holy House," and proved to be as vehement as the hack-drivers at one of our union depots in America. Rev. S., being moved by one of these, gave away, followed into her store, inspected several religious and other articles, bought a few trinkets, and declared "that the woman was as eloquent as an American lawyer." If I thought that it would interest you, I should, with pleasure, mention the extraordinary attire, both of men and women, which is alone worth a visit to Loretto. It is of a pattern similar to that you find in old pictures, or on the stage, gay in colors, and lends to the wearer an appearance of fairyland. They do not even approach the customs of France, England and America.

Have patience with me, for trying to give you an idea of the appearance of the every-day attire of the laboring class in Italy. The men in the fields wear a suit of unbleached linen, somewhat like a blouse; it has no sleeves and it nearly touches the knees; the whole is wide and hangs loosely about them. They wear a broad rimmed straw hat and no shoes or stockings. The women in the fields wear a head-dress, which somewhat resembles the coronet of the Sisters of Charity. The chemise is the only body dress, and the skirt, made of blue linen, is suspended by two shoulder straps, which are crossed on the back, and the lower part of the skirts extends about three inches below the knees. But the Sunday dress of these peasants is a checkered shirt, linen pantaloons and straw hat for the men; the women, however, wear a corset body, of every shade of color, such as you see in pictures representing Italian minstrels. It is very wide at the upper part—and some kind of shawl, or frequently, some fancy work of very thin texture, passing over the shoulders, fastens the skirt in front and on the back. This skirt comes up to the corset-body and descends a little below the knees, and is of the brightest colors. Neither men nor women wear shoes Sundays nor weekdays.

C. H. B.

XII.

Bardonecchia, June 10, 1877.

Who, in America, ever heard of such a place as the above? Surely, not many, unless they, like ourselves, were forced, by adverse circumstances, to enjoy this recreation. It is a village in the basin of three grand mountain peaks, before entering the tunnel of Mt. Cenis. Although, at the moment of this writing, a brilliant and glaring sun showers down a flood of rays from the snow-covered summit of the mountains, and the streamlets of melted snow descend in mad excitement, yet the air is fresh and the weather delightful. For our enjoyment we ventured on the fatiguing task of climbing some hundred feet upon Mt. Cenis, following a safe but steep path, which bore abundant evidences of being frequented. The magnificence of the scenery spread before us, the grandeur of the view in three directions, and the charming beds of fragrant flowers at our feet, which seemed to delight, and smiled graciously for being liberated from the long embrace of the snow, were an abundant recompense for the fatigue of the day.

The railroad train had hardly lost sight of the city of Milan, when the grade of the road begins a rapid ascent on a chain of mountains; tunnel after tunnel shuts out daylight, and each in turn adds to the disappointment. It is not the greatest tunnel, which engages the tongue and mind of every traveler on the train. The roaring, plunging, rushing and foaming of the mad waters of the river—one moment at your right, another at your left, and again beneath the train—whisper feelings of alarm, and nearly everyone steals a glance through the window of the car, only to be rewarded by the horrid depth over which the train is suspended, and the frightful cliff, evidently well disposed to annihilate everything in case of an accident. The scene, as the train winds its way through these mountains, passes over the raging waters, and bids defiance to the terrific cliffs near and far, are as grand as they are awful, inspiring as much terror as admiration. The watches were whipped out of the pockets of the passengers as often as the darkness of one of the many tunnels announced the delusion of entering the grand tunnel, which all were determined to time. It became a general recreation and amusement for the passengers, to be sure, at the expense of the sensitive, who did not enjoy the sport of being laughed at. But the real sport

came when we really did enter the great tunnel, which passes through the very heart of Mt. Cenis, for the majority of the anxious enjoyed a sound sleep, and the exhilarating shout of the watchful, could only arouse them into confidence of the reality of the dense darkness. This tunnel is nine American miles in length, and the train passes through it at a very slow speed. The windows of the coupes are firmly closed by the conductor, and the cars are lit by a large lamp in the center of the ceiling of each coupe. The train, having emerged from the "Great tunnel," stops at the station "Madone," which we greeted at noon yesterday (June 9). Having gone through the ceremony of the "Custom Office," we made haste to the dining hall, the delay being forty-five minutes for a solid meal, eaten with European leisure. But ere we were fairly at the task, and the dishes steaming before us, our noble host surprised us by singing out, from an elevated stand, "Gentlemen, you have more than one hour's delay!" In Europe such is an official announcement, and admits of no doubt, and inspired the comfort of a delightful dinner. But a little reflection on the indefinite "more than one hour" created distrust, and the loud whispers made the rounds, until the startling news reached every ear that a terrible

mountain-slide had inundated the railroad track on the preceding day (June 8), and no train could proceed till the track had been cleared, which was, indeed, no easy matter. The station Madone being but a small town, having no regular hotel, and the night train which had come in, settled all its passengers before our arrival. It became sorely evident that we might consider ourselves in luck in finding lodging for our party of seven persons. A hurried inquiry revealed the fact that even the private houses were crowded, and we had no prospect of finding any quarters at all. Our party at once resolved to board the returning train as far as Bardonecchia, and we were delighted in finding two hotels, one near the station, and the second a couple of squares distant, which looked more inviting. The grandeur of this hotel you can easily imagine, if I tell you our company occupies all the spare room in it. The force of circumstances has introduced us into the bosom of this marvellous fortification, called into being by the hands of the Creator, and, as I raise my eyes, I behold, this moment, the rare spectacle of the placid silver clouds kissing the brows of the three mountain peaks, blushing as they rush away from the jealous followers, which thirst for the cold embrace of the icy summits.

Owing to the indisposition of our friend, which, on our trip to Milan, had become somewhat alarming, the heat being so intense, that he had no courage to leave the hotel, of necessity our stay was shortened, and we could not enjoy the antiquities and works of art to any degree of satisfaction. Therefore, you must pardon my hurried description of what we saw. Milan is, in my opinion, one of the handsomest cities on the continent, and what the Europeans deemed a great fault, I admired, i. e., the streets are nearly all square, running at right angles. The houses look clean and fresh, the style and architecture is bold and grand, and they are five or six stories high. With the exception of a few great business thoroughfares, the streets are narrow; charmingly clean, having the advantage of a double wheel track for vehicles, made of smooth stone about 12 to 15 inches wide, and the center of this track being paved with ordinary cobblestone. The business houses along the main streets are superb structures, and, judging from the crowds constantly passing in and out, the business transacted must be amazing.

Everyone seems to be familiar with the great cathedral of Milan, and it seems almost superfluous to attempt more than the mere mention of our admiration for it. It occupies the entire

square of ground in the center of the city. The cathedral of Milan in vastness and magnificence of structure is not an unworthy rival of St. Peter's, Rome. It is built throughout of white marble and is in every respect one of the most impressive church edifices in the world. It was begun in the year 1387, and has ever since been advancing towards completion, but is not yet finished. Its form is that of a Latin cross divided into five naves, terminated by an octagonal aspis, and supported by 52 octagonal columns of grand dimensions. The four columns which support the noble cupola are truly gigantic in size. The vestibule, or front of the cathedral, is decorated with five rows of statuary on the center entrance and three rows on each of the side doors, supported by superbly wrought pedestals and capping executed in the pure Gothic style. On the frame of each window on either side, there are four large statues in richly ornamented niches, and the peak of every majestic pilaster between the windows, high above the roof, is crowned by a grand marble statue. Like the city hall at Louvain, of which I attempted to give you an idea in my first letter from the continent, the disposition of the four thousand six hundred statues, in and around the cathedral at Milan, is the picturesque history of the old and

new testaments, added to which are the statues of the saints of the country, and those for whom the people here have a special devotion. Taking leave of this visit in the fairest of sculptured beauty and architectural grandeur, and sincerely regretting that the invulnerable heat does not permit us to enjoy its admiration for at least one week, I hurry to bring you to the church founded by St. Ambrose in the 4th century. It was thoroughly renovated in the year 1631. Fortunately, so many of the ancient epitaphs and other relics of the ancient building remain imbedded in its walls, that they form a rich treasure of early Christian antiquities. Like the several churches in Rome, and the Catacombs, the church of St. Ambrose is a monumental evidence of our Holy Religion, and a monumental reproach to the hypocritical pretensions of all Protestantism. Very reluctantly we bid adieu to the charming city, with which we do not at all feel as well acquainted as we would wish to be.

C. H. B.

XIII.

Munich, June 17, 1877.

We are in Germany, the point aimed for with more than ordinary anxiety by our friend, who is now my only companion. In my last I indicated the indisposition of our friend, which grew more alarming as the fatigue of the journey increased. Having hurried away from Milan on his account, the reverend gentlemen justly feared the delay his feeble condition would very probably require, and begged to be allowed to proceed on their journey. Having become somewhat accustomed to the musical sounds of the Italian language, the music of the lingo in this country grates cruelly on the ear. The Swiss dialect sounds broad and coarse, but the native brogue of Wurtemberg and Baden is not a whit more polished. It would amuse you to see the impatience of our friend, who is such an admirer of the German tongue, exclaiming: "Well, well! I don't understand these people!" Indeed, it required more than ordinary attention to decipher the gibberish of these Germans. We will first report the delightful days spent in Switzerland. Geneva

dates back to the 4th century as a Catholic and Episcopal city over which Bishop Isaac of Geneva presided, and in 450 Pope Leo I. declared that this diocese belonged to the ecclesiastical province of Vienna. The first cathedral church built was begun in 584 on the ruins of a temple of Apollo, finished in 1025 during the reign of Emperor Conrad II, and dedicated to St. Peter. But Calvin, the founder of the Presbyterian sect, succeeded in bringing about a decree of the Senate, ordering the destruction of the Catholic altars, pictures and whatever served to promote devotion. In 1558 Calvin declared Geneva the "Rome of the reformation," and the work of destroying everything belonging to, and calculated to remind the people of the religion of their forefathers was vehemently prosecuted. The city is divided by the river Rhone into two parts—the upper and lower—the lower being the ancient city, and the upper being the town of the aristocracy. Everything bears testimony of its more recent date. In this the several elegant hotels are located, and English, French and German are freely spoken, but the French language prevails, it being the tongue of the laborers and children on the streets. Our hotel is on the foot of Lake Geneva. As to width, this lake appears insignificant to persons who have grown familiar

with and experienced the vast, ocean-like fury of our great lakes in America. Our little Lake St. Clair in Michigan is a gigantic sheet of water compared with Lake Geneva. But, being surrounded by the Jura mountains and the Alps, it well deserves the far-famed historic record for the superb and majestic mountain sceneries. It is enrapturing to contemplate the series of glaciers crystallizing the summits of the mountains as far as the eye can reach, and to behold, in this hot season, the brilliant rays flashing from them, as if they were crowned with myriads of diamonds. A little steamer runs daily excursion trips on the lake, and the enjoyment it affords to the admirer of Nature's grandeur beggars description.

The old Cathedral, wrested from the Catholics in the revolt of the Reformation, is an unpretentious, but solid, stone edifice, having two square towers in front, and showing great negligence, on the part of the occupants, in the sad decay of the structure. The impiety of the reformers did much in obliterating the imprints of its devout founders, yet the monuments and other decorations of its primitive beauty publish the historic antiquity of the building and the true faith that consecrated it to the service of God. Ascending the hill, not a great distance

from the old cathedral, we met a small church, which has a grand portico entrance, adorned with Catholic statuary, which proclaim the silent record that this house of worship was taken from the Catholics. This the name of the street on the left side confirms, for it is called Purgatory street, the belief in which the reformers deprecated and all Protestantism denies. The street of Paradise passes in the rear of the church, which seems to suggest the faith that from the "Street of Purgatory" you enter the "Street of Heaven," as the soul goes from Purgatory into Heaven.

The new Cathedral, built in the upper or new portion of the city, is the fruit of the zeal of the present Bishop, Monsigneur Mermillot, who collected the funds for its erection in Belgium, Holland and France. It is the Italian or new style of Gothic architecture, but, withal, a graceful and beautiful structure, the steeple being unfinished. You surely remember that part of the history of our own day, that the infidels, led by the Apostate Hyacinth (M. Loison), having succeeded in sending Bishop Mermillot into exile by the act of the Swiss Legislature, secured, by the same authority, this new cathedral, as well as the old, and installed the renegade and apostate priest as their preacher.

Such acts of impiety and shameless robbery need no comment, and brand the pretended religion of the Reformers as the work of sin, of which the "Father of Lies" is the author. Hence, it does not astonish even the casual observer, that there is no religion among either the higher or lower class of inhabitants of Geneva—yes, not even a religious pretention or external show. There is an insignificant chapel on the southern bank of the lake, at the extreme end of the lower, or old, city of Geneva, which the Catholics are permitted to frequent for mass on Sundays and holy days; yet this toleration is only a silent one, the law prohibiting any priest officiating in the canton of Geneva. If, in any Catholic country, such laws of intolerance were enacted against Protestantism, or any other of the many religious "isms," the howl of persecution, of tyranny, etc., etc., would echo from pole to pole, and the Apocalypse would be searched anew for caricaturing the Catholic church. But the impiety and robbery of infidelity is devoutly revered by all Protestantism; not a cry of shame is heard; not a word of condemnation is recorded for the future historian. We drop the subject in indignation and shame.

Leaving Geneva, by rail, for Basel, we were enchanted for four hours by the magnificent

glaciers which grace the banks of Lake Geneva. At times they seemed very near,—two, three and more summits of mountains overtowering each other, all clad in the grand splendor of hyemal grandeur, defying the power of the sun while sporting his rays in brilliant lustre. Again they appeared, as if at a great distance, embracing the flood of luminous clouds, and terminating in the bosom of the firmament. We were delighted, in our disappointment, at finding Freiburg and Berne, in Switzerland, such thriving cities; more particularly the latter, which is truly not of small note. The beauty of the situation, the elegance of the dwellings, the splendid churches and the imposing public buildings bear abundant evidences that there is life and prosperity within its walls. It seemed a pity that we could not afford the time for a longer stay. We cannot forego stating that the railroad stations in Switzerland are entirely free from the wretched class of idlers, bummers and loungers, which infest them in almost every other country. We arrived at Basel at 8:15 P. M., and, having been liberated from the distressing livery of dust, as well as refreshed by a late dinner, the desire for rest precluded the inclination to explore the city. But, rising early in the morning and strolling leisurely along the

streets, which are narrow and not too clean, we were pleased by meeting an old-fashioned, solid, and well-to-do class of citizens, evidently in the steady pursuits of daily life and sober and earnest industry. The places of business presented a similar appearance. The houses, their architecture and all their surroundings indicated that they had centuries of existence, or had not been greatly influenced by the innovations of the present. A venerable-looking Irish gentleman, whom we met, seeing a stork's nest on the gable end of an old church, and having inquired in vain what kind of a church it was, remarked: "Here it is no easy matter to tell which is which." The impression made on the traveler is that here, too, religion is below par, for no person manifests the least enthusiasm on the subject. The cathedral dates back to the 11th century (1019), and is, perhaps, the most imposing edifice in Switzerland, having a tower 250 feet high.

Stuttgart (pronounced Stuggart), the capital of Wurtemberg, is beautifully situated in the valley of the Nesen, and surrounded by extensive vineyards in the highest state of cultivation. This circumstance greatly interested Mr. M., who, as you know, does not consider his vineyard at home of little importance. This city presents an active appearance, particu-

larly if you visit the extensive market-place in the very heart of the metropolis. The buildings which surround it are not remarkably ancient, yet built in the ancient style, which tends to give to the whole a peculiar charm. The "Stift kirche" is a grand old Gothic structure, though not remarkably large in size. "Hospital kirche" is Gothic, but not at all handsome; and the other churches, as far as we could see, are of modern architecture, and resemble our churches at home. The manufactories are many, but none of them are conducted on a grand scale. The life and activity in this city is truly surprising.

Freiburg, in Baden, is a city which charms the visitor, both on account of its antiquities and the many points of interest it unfolds, and not less on account of the picturesque and fertile country surrounding it. The houses, old and new, are substantially built; fountains of purest water are frequent; the streets are generally winding and narrow, with but a few exceptions of wide thoroughfares. There are two large and beautiful public squares for the recreation and enjoyment of the citizens. The Freiburg cathedral is a large, grand, Gothic structure, built of red sandstone in the form of a cross, with a magnificent portal, richly sculptured, and surmounted by a

beautiful Gothic tower, having exquisite buttresses, and is 380 feet high. The churches, except St. Martin's, are generally handsome in style and tastefully decorated, but of modern architecture. The business aspect is not very striking—rather dull, excepting the weekly market, which is the most interesting we have seen on our journey, not even excepting Italy. It is numerously attended by the Scharzwadler, whose dress, language, wares, etc., are a marvellous curiosity, and, if it were not impolite, one would stand for hours in the enjoyment of the sights. But they are a well-behaved people, though a little noisy in striking their bargains.

The city of Ulm, on the eastern border of Wurtemberg, is a city of less note to persons in America, because less known than Freiburg and other cities, yet it abounds in antiquities, and its history as an ancient "Freetown" has, perhaps, no rival, it having become so wealthy that its gold was proverbially said to rule the world. Its general appearance is more striking on account of the antique appearance of the houses than the thrift of and business activity of its inhabitants.

The large and lofty cathedral is in the old Gothic style, honored with the moss of ages and bears the external evidence that it has braved the storms of centuries. The center

tower of this cathedral is covered, just above the gable of the pointed roof of the church, and the mechanics are hard at work on the two turrets at the end of the body of the church, and beginning of the semi-circle of the sanctuary. It is to be dedicated and consecrated in a few weeks and the approaching event engages the heart and mind of every inhabitant. The two other churches we visited are of no extraordinary size, but both are handsome. The artistic display in the stores is of no mean order, and the variety great. You remember that most of my former parishoners in the mission of Columbus, O., hailed from Bavaria, and often treated us to all that is noble and grand in Augsburg. But, knowing the infirmity of people thinking their native land the "Ne plus ultra" in the world, my anticipations of this city did not run too high. But we learned with great pleasure that my surmises proved a great mistake, for it is truly a grand old town, situated on rising ground in the fertile plain formed by the junction of the two beautiful rivers—the Lech on the east and the Wertach on the west side of the city. The Maximilian strasse, into which the traveler enters from the extreme southern end of the city, coming away from the railway station, is a thoroughfare compared with which Broadway in

New York is insignificant. Driving along this charming highway from the "Maximilian platz" to the cathedral, nearly in the centre of the old city, the wealth and prosperity of the inhabitants is unfolded to view. The houses are old, large and lofty, and many of them have carved, pointed and scrolled fronts, adorned with frescoes representing scriptural scenes.

The cathedral seems to be an irregular Gothic structure of the 15th century, and contains many treasures of art. The church of St. Ulrich is one of considerable note, having a tower 350 feet high, from which a charming view of the city and surrounding country is obtained. The old Lutheran church is so close to it that it seems to be almost under the same roof. Our short stay did not permit us to visit the several other churches, nor the many public buildings and extensive cotton and other factories—one of the cotton factories employs over two thousand hands.

But, before closing this letter, I beg to tell you of a short visit to Aschaffenburg, of which our friends in Columbus, O., told us so many wonderful things. The people here firmly believe that this town dates back to the Roman times, and the name has its origin in Ptolemy's "Asti-burgum." Be that as it may, it is a beautiful

city and presents many points of noteworthy interest. The most conspicuous church edifice, built in 974, is replete with fine sculptured monuments and elegant paintings—one by Grunewald, of renown, and another by Albert Dürer, whose fame is familiar. There are many more churches and public buildings deserving of notice. Among the latter it annoys the Catholic, visiting what is called the "Royal Palace," to learn that it was originally built by the Archbishop of Mainz for an Episcopal residence. It is called "Johannisbergh," has five elegant towers and is a majestic palace. The city's business aspect is lively, and a healthy state of prosperity seems to prevail.

C. H. B.

XIV.

Munich, June 18, 1877.

I take great pleasure in resuming the report of the most important event of our journey, taking it for granted that you share in all that interested us.

We have come to the bosom of "Father Rhine" and are in the city of Mainz. It is situated partly on a flat and partly on an acclivity rising up gradually from the Rhine in the form of an ampitheatre. The houses are generally lofty, and the wide streets, with frequent open squares, give the whole a venerable and noble appearance. Many of the streets are] narrow enough to exclude light and air; several parts of the town are dark, gloomy and unwholesome looking. The promenade, called the "Neue Anlage," outside of the old city, is spacious and well laid out, kept in splendid repair, and succeeds in inviting great numbers of the inhabitants every evening. It commands a delightful view of the city and the charming scenes of the surrounding districts. The first church visited on our arrival was St. Christopher's, which hap-

pens to be near our hotel and near the Rhine. It is of quite ancient date, surrounded by an immense wall of an unsightly form; the exterior is like a great heap of stone. The interior, however, makes amends for the exterior; it is truly handsome and inspires devotion. Calling at the pastoral residence, we were informed by a very clerical-looking porter that the reverend pastor was not at home, and the reply to our question when we might see him at home, was: "I am sorry to say that I don't know." Having presented my card and being in the act of going away, this mysterious porter called us, saying: "Excuse me, please; but call around again in ten minutes."

Thanking him for the encouragement, we departed. We promenaded the street during the allotted time, and returning to meet the reverend pastor, I remarked to Mr. M.: "If that porter is not a live Jesuit, he has surely missed his vocation." The old man smiled at the remark, and shook his head significantly, as if he thought it a little profane. The ringing of the door bell was promptly answered by the same porter, who ushered us into the presence of the pastor. He is a handsome figure, tall, well proportioned, middle aged, gracious in his manner and so cordial that we at once felt quite at home. As soon as I had

stated my desire to say my mass in his church every morning during our stay in this city, he astonished me by his frank acceptance, bidding me heartily welcome. We agreed on the hour, eight in the morning. But my surprise was still greater on the following morning, when the reverend pastor met us at the door, conducted us into the sanctuary and put us in charge of two seminarians, who led me to the "Prie dieu," ornamented in Episcopal colors. The bells of the steeples were ringing the merry peals, informing the devout of an extraordinary service, and in a very short time the church was crowded to its utmost capacity. The altar was decked in festive attire, the candles lit shed a flood of light in the rather dark sanctuary, the organ poured forth its volumes of melodious sounds. As soon as mass had begun, the choir of children sang most charming hymns. The reverend pastor in surplice and stole, attended by the two seminarians and half a dozen acolytes, served my mass from beginning to end. The same solemnity was repeated every successive morning. This was the only pastor in all Germany who had not been intimidated into servile fear by the tyranny of Bismarck. His name is Rev. Graf Von Gallen, truly a noble man in every sense of the word. This he proved, by the kindness extended to us

as in no other city, offering himself to be our guide in visiting the several churches. Here it may be pardoned if I take the liberty of recording what seemed very strange to us, but, no doubt, is dictated by the custom of the continent, that whilst we received a cordial welcome at the hands of all, yet no one invited us to share their hospitality, no one cared or seemed to care whether we saw anything or not, no one gave himself the least trouble about us; except during the few minutes we engaged their time, no one appeared to be sufficiently our equal to show the least concern. Rev. Graf Von Gallen, and a reverend curate (whose name I do not at this moment recall) in Munster, Westphalia, were the only exceptions, and, if it happen that either of them should pay me a visit in America, their gentlemanly conduct and kindness to us will be repaid with interest.

Having had the pleasure of meeting his Lordship, Mgr. Von Kettler, in Rome, we repaired to the Episcopal palace, the first morning after our arrival in Mainz, to pay our respects, but were sadly surprised, being told that his Lordship had not returned, but was sick in a Franciscan convent in Bavaria. It proved to be his fatal sickness. He was brought home a corpse, R. I. P.

The cathedral is an immense structure erected

of red sandstone, but does not impress the visitor as a handsome or grand church edifice. This, no doubt, is greatly owing to the fact that every available spot around the church is occupied by stores of every shape and form. Our reverend guide explained to us that the leasing of ground had become an unfortunate necessity, to raise a revenue, both for the current expenses of the cathedral, and the finishing and repairing of the church itself. Here in this cathedral we saw for the first time pews in the church, such as are general in America. But they are very unsightly compared to ours, the backs of them being very high and heavy and faced with brass sheeting. There is a double row of pews through the entire center of the main body of the church, built on a wooden floor, laid on the stone pavement of the church. The interior of the church is handsome, the altars are grand, the sanctuary is spacious and imposing. It was begun in 978, and is not completed. St. Stephen's church is built on the summit of a considerable hill, from which you have a superb view of the city, and can contemplate the serene majesty of the Rhine and the opposite banks. This church is not remarkably large, but a gem of beauty in every particular, which prompted me to remark that I should feel happy if we had such a cathedral in Detroit.

The several other churches are more or less handsome, and some of them are enriched by artistic treasures, but, having enjoyed the elegant symmetry and the lofty grace of the Gothic architecture in St. Stephen's, they all furnish but a faint charm. Our visit to Mainz was more than ordinarily agreeable, owing to the unceasing kindness of Rev. Graf Von Gallen, to whom we feel greatly indebted. Adieu!

C. H. B.

XV.

Munich, June 19, 1877.

You have been somewhat puzzled, no doubt, that we have remained so long in this city. In my letters you have not been informed of our impressions. I have purposely refrained from adverting to this city, because I desire to devote an entire letter to it, and here it is:

We arrived by railroad, in the evening, at about half-past seven, and accepted the recommendation on the omnibus, "The Four Seasons," in the German, French and English languages, which carried us to a splendid hotel, on the Maximilian strasse, where we were assigned princely apartments, and received the kindest attention. It being Saturday, courtesy required that we should announce ourselves immediately to the Reverend Pastor of the nearest church. But, as we were "Pilgrims in Israel," we were obliged to address the gentleman with the gold border around his cap, called "Portier," who, like the hotel clerk in our country, is the man of universal intelligence on the continent. He is, invariably, polite and ever attentive to the many

wants of the guests, and, in this case, addressing the "Portier," he lifted his cap, bowed, and informed us of the proximity of several Catholic churches. Begging him to send one of the boys with us to show the way, he promptly called one of the waiter-boys and directed him to the "Lieb Frauen Kirche," but he kindly volunteered the information that "It would be hardly worth while going so far, as the masses were all over." As soon as we had fairly started on the way, I ventured to remark to the boy: "Is there no church nearer than the 'Lieb Frauen Kirche?'" "O, yes; the Franciscan church is much nearer. They will be glad to have you go there." In a few minutes we were at the convent gate, our message delivered, and we returned to the hotel for the night's rest. Sunday morning, at seven o'clock, one of the finest carriages, drawn by a pair of spirited black horses, dressed in magnificent harness, and a driver in gorgeous livery, stood at the hotel door to bring us to the Franciscan church. A dense crowd awaited our arrival at the church door, and, being in proper uniform, the people fell on their knees as soon as our carriage stopped. The Reverend Father Superior, accompanied by the Reverend Fathers and acolytes, standing at the entrance of the vestibule of the church, asked the Bishop's

blessing. This done, the procession moved into the church, and the immediate preparations for mass were made. After mass the Reverend Superior invited us into the convent for breakfast, and here a venerable brother introduced himself as one of the former Franciscan Brothers at St. Francis, in Cincinnati, O., and it was a pleasure to listen to his conversations about the "Queen City" and his interest in American affairs. Having delayed more than an hour in the convent, we supposed, of course, that the people had dispersed, but we were greatly astonished on seeing still hundreds surrounding the carriage, waiting for a parting blessing. The Sunday morning had revealed our "colors" to all, high and low, in "The Four Seasons," and, from this out, I was addressed as "My Lord Bishop" and "Your Excellency," and a keen rivalry had been awakened among the waiters.

As early as politeness permitted, we called on His Grace, the Archbishop, but not finding him at home, we began our explorations in the city on Monday morning. The cathedral is a large, but not a beautiful or imposing edifice. The interior is rather pretty, the altars are many and handsome, and the statuary artistic.

We visited the church of the Holy Ghost, St. Peter's, St. Michael's, etc., etc., which are all

substantial and, more or less, handsome buildings. But, in my humble opinion, this city has no church edifice of more than ordinary artistic merit. The visit to the profane was now in order, and we proceeded to the "Glyptothek," which is a superb and imposing edifice, and contains a rare collection of ancient and modern statuary. A day spent inspecting its treasures gives you but an imperfect idea of the many works of art exhibited. The following day was spent in the "Pinakothek," a gallery containing many of the finest paintings of the world,—the grand collection, representing every prominent school of art in every age of the world. It is second to none of the many art galleries we have seen, though it is not so systematically arranged as the Roman. This, as mentioned before, exhibits, at a glance, the pre-eminence of each country, having a separate hall for each nation, with the proper inscription over the entrance. Here, as well as in Rome and Florence, the "Pinakothek" is crowded with aspiring artists, engaged in copying the masterpieces. Many, however, were at work on the "artistic," no doubt, by engagements, or upon the supposition of a more ready sale, because of inferior value, etc. It seemed a pity that we could not, at least, afford a week in studying the genius of

art so richly represented here, and we left the "Pinakothek" with feelings of regret. It strikes a visitor forcibly that the "Beer Gardens," the "Beer Restaurant," the "Beer Stores," etc., are a great feature in this city. Like the peanut; candy, orange, lemon and fruit stands on the street corners in our larger cities in America, the small beer and wine stalls occupy every available nook and corner of the streets in Munich, under the honorable title of "Drink Hall." As it is no disgrace for a gentleman or lady in America to stop at a nut-stand, to have his pocket filled, or to crack the nuts, and enjoy the orange as he goes along the streets, so it is no dishonor for a well-dressed gentleman, or a lady in silk and satin, to step up to the "Drink Stand" and enjoy the "mug of beer" right there. One of the finest public squares on the continent is near the Palace. It is adorned with rarest plants, and surrounded by an open and richly-decorated arcade. The several smaller public squares, the many gardens of public resort, and the promenades are kept in perfect order, and are decorated with statuary of no mean artistic merit. In the line of manufactures, Munich has gained considerable renown—mathematical, optical and surgical instruments, gold and silver lace, jewelry, glass, bells, musical instruments, etc., etc.

The week spent in this city did not allow us any rest except after dark, where propriety did not allow a "Bishop" to enjoy the convivial scenes in the several places of public assemblies. Of course, Mr. M. frequently stepped out to the royal "Gualla" to enjoy the original way of securing and drinking a mug of beer, whilst I enjoyed the pleasure of a chat with you, and the dear ones in America. On returning he would laugh heartily and shout out: "By jingo! it's too funny! Just come for a moment to see the crowd of men, women and children assembled in the 'Gualla;' you never saw the like," etc., etc. My answer, invariably, was: "No, no, old man, that wouldn't do," and we would quietly settle down to an Havana.

C. H. B.

XVI.

Cologne, June 24, 1877.

We availed ourselves of the first point for obtaining one of the best steamers on the Rhine, what the people here call the "Fast boat," but it is not as good as a first-class ferry-boat in our country. The morning being bright and pleasant, we joined the company of travelers, who had seated themselves on the upper deck of the steamer for the more perfect enjoyment of the scenery along the historic river. Every traveler on the Rhine seems to indulge in ecstatic admiration of all that is unraveled to view, and as the scenes follow in rapid succession, the enthusiasm grows in the novelty. This is particularly true when the romantic landscapes, so richly interspersed with ruins of every description, come to view as you glide down the stream between Bingen and Coblenz, where many stately mansions and castles add to the grandeur of the scenery. At the risk, however, of being adjudged of not having a just appreciation of the sublime, I venture a deviation from the general key-note that the unparalleled majesty of Father Rhine can

only be seen and appreciated by those who have not been over-awed by the grandeur and majesty of the mountain scenes of Switzerland and Italy. The frequent towns and cities along the banks of the Rhine lend the scenery a cheerfulness which you miss in Italy, and, in a great measure, in Switzerland, and the many spacious and inviting villas situated in the valleys, surmounted by the innumerable varieties of gardens and vineyards on the mountain slopes challenge the weary traveler to enjoyment in nature's garden of unsurpassed beauty. It would seem that Father Rhine had grown jealous of our want of appreciation of its vast grandeur, so brilliantly illumined by the flood of rays from the noonday sun; a brisk breeze, followed quickly by a gentle gale, cast a sombre cloud over the scenes, which transformed the whole into a mysterious, awe-inspiring grandeur, that could only be increased by the heavy thunder-claps and the vivid flashes of lightning, which send a thrill through every frame, yet the declaration was unanimous that the scene was unparalleled.

As soon as the steamer had passed the sharp angle in the river and left the town of Brauboch on the right shore, the city of Coblenz was in sight at the distance of about five miles. It is beautifully situated in the basin formed by the

confluence of the river Moselle with the Rhine—hence the ancient name, "Confluentes," from which the modernized "Coblentz" is derived. In the new portion of the city, called "Clemensstadt," the streets are spacious and airy, the buildings comfortable looking and handsome, the whole making a very favorable impression. But in the old town the contrary is pretty general. The church of St. Castor, built in the park of the confluence of the two rivers, dates back to A. D. 836, and is the place where the grandsons of Charlemagne divided the vast empire into Germany, France and Italy in 843. This church is rich in ancient monuments, and has a beautiful altar piece, the history of which we did not learn.

We met some travelers who had come down the River Moselle, and confidently maintained that the scenes on its banks surpass those of the Rhine in grandeur.

The name of the city of Bonn is quite familiar to Americans—at least, those of German descent—who are treated to a variety of incidental information about it in the German newspapers, many of the editors having been students of the famous University of Bonn. I confess that I felt considerable interest in seeing the city, and studying for myself the various points of note, so much

eulogized and richly colored by the admirers of their "Alma Mater." It is pleasantly situated on a gentle acclivity, which gives it a cheerful and pleasing appearance. The streets are rather narrow, indifferently lighted and aired, yet, from its delightful situation, it is one of the most desirable places of residence on the Rhine. It enjoys the reputation of a high antiquity, it having been a fortification of the ancient Romans (*Bonna ad Rhenum*), the seat of many wars, and often destroyed and rebuilt. The last time it was restored in the 4th century by the Emperor Julian. But it derives its great celebrity from the University, which has had many distinguished men among its professors. The average number of students is between six and eight hundred, engaged in the study of Theology, Law, Medicine and Philosophy. The building of the University is rather an immense pile than elegant or grand, but, being situated on a splendid elevation, it looks imposing at the distance.

Bonn is the birthplace of the celebrated musician, Beethoven. It has eight churches, but of no extraordinary architectural merit.

The city of Cologne occupies the site of an ancient city, dating back some thirty years before the birth of Christ. It being the birthplace of the Empress Agrippina, she prevailed on

her husband to establish a colony there in the year 51 A. D., which was called "Colonie Aggrippina," from which it retains the present name. In 870 it became incorporated with Germany, and continued a most flourishing city for several centuries, numbering, at one time, in the twelfth century, it is said, over 150,000 inhabitants. But the rising maritime power of Holland and England, closing the navigation of the Rhine in the 16th century, greatly reduced its prosperity and importance in the commercial world. The public buildings are many, and some of considerable activity and rich in monuments, but the most remarkable are the churches. Of course, you expect me to begin with the "Dom" or cathedral, which, as you know, was commenced by Charlemagne in 814, and, it is believed, will be completed in a few years. But the foundation of the present grand structure was not laid until 1248, upon the site of the old one, which had been destroyed by fire. The many obstacles to the progress of the building, especially the want of necessary funds for this gigantic work, caused centuries to roll by, generation upon generation to pass away, without even a reasonable hope of seeing this cherished sanctuary completed. It is argued by some travelers that it is inferior in grandeur to the

cathedral in Milan, but, in my opinion, this of Cologne surpasses it in loftiness and grandeur. The fact that it is composed of sandstone, whereas that of Milan is of pure white marble, at first sight does not so pleasingly impress the visitor. I will not attempt a detailed description of the "Dom," but venture the assertion that, in vastness of design, in beauty of Gothic architecture, in chasteness of execution, and in imposing grandeur as a whole, it is second to no church edifice in the world.

My own name invited me to the shrine of the Magi, the "Holy Three Kings," whose remains are deposited in the monument, erected by Catholic piety in the Dom of Cologne. The pious tradition furnishes the names of Melchior, Caspar and Balthazar, of whom Caspar is said to have been the younger in age. By this same source we are informed that the mortal remains of the Magi were translated to Constantinople in the early ages of Christianity, later carried to Milan, and in the twelfth century, 1162, they were removed to Cologne by Frederic Barbarossa. In the shrine of gold in the cathedral the skulls of the Magi, with the inscription of their respective names, are exposed to view, and to the veneration of the faithful. In this same monumental reliquary are exposed the mitres,

croziers, etc., of several of the first and saintly Prelates of Cologne.

St. Peter's church, in Cologne, is not a remarkable structure, but of great interest to the lover of art, on account of the famous altar-piece representing the crucifixion of St. Peter the Apostle, painted and presented to the church by Rubens, as a memento of his baptism in that church.

St. Ursula's church is remarkable as the immense reliquary of the 11,000 virgins and martyrs, the companions of St. Ursula. Much has been said, pro and contra, in relation to the tradition of the martyrdom of St. Ursula, and the eleven thousand virgin martyrs, but I beg to offer what Binterim, who is an acknowledged authority, gives, i. e.: "After the battle at Cholans, in 451, many women, thousands in number, took to flight to escape the brutality of the Huns, led by Attila, the scourge. At this time the occupation of Britain, by the Anglo-Saxon, took place, which, according to Bede, compelled thousands to seek safety on the continent. This would account for the great number of virgins in company with Ursula. But they fell into the hands of the Huns, either in the act of crossing the Rhine, or after the siege of Cologne." Be this satisfactory or not, for my

part I became perfectly convinced when I saw, with my own eyes, the walls of St. Ursula's church, literally lined with the skulls of these virgin martyrs, and the sanctuary decorated with the bones of these saints. From the moment you enter the church everything, from the tombs along the walls and ceiling of the temple, from the side walls to the sanctuary, everything bears testimony,—the very skulls and innumerable bones exposed to view speak, in solemn tones, of the grace, of the victory achieved by the heroic virgin army. The language of the Protestant American young lady, who, having carefully examined all, said, in the "Golden Chamber," the special shrine of St. Ursula: "After all this, who can doubt the history of the Ursula martyrs?" "It would be downright impiety." This sentiment expresses the conviction with which every sincere soul leaves St. Ursula's church. I bring along with me two of the bones taken from the tomb nearest the altar, on the epistle side, properly authenticated.

St. Gereon's church we found draped in deep mourning, and the corpse of the deceased reverend pastor clad in sacerdotal robes, and placed on a catafalque before the main altar. We learned from the sexton that the same venerable

pastor, last evening, whilst kneeling before the main altar and saying the rosary aloud for the faithful who crowd the church on such occasions, was seized by a dreadful pain and fell dead.

St. Gregory of Tours relates that there was a beautiful basilica in Cologne in the 6th century, erected by St. Helena in honor of the martyrs of the Thebean Legion under the leadership of Gereon. St. Norbert desiring to obtain some relics of the martyrs, some of the tombs ("sarcophagi") were opened in the year 1121 in the presence of many witnesses, as attested by Rudolph, abbot of St. Pantalion, and they found the remains still wrapped in the purple military cloak, marked with a large cross, and a piece of sod, saturated with blood, at their side. This is verified by the Roman martyrology (1589), in which we read: "At Cologne, on the 10th of October, are commemorated the martyr St. Gereon, with 318 others, who patiently submitted their heads to the sword, in defense of true piety in the persecution of Emperor Maximilian, in the third century."

Before taking leave of Cologne, I beg to mention St. Cumbert's church, which has a magnificent altar,—a beautiful imitation of the grand altar in St. Peter's, Rome.

There are many other churches with their treasures, which we visited, and deserve mention, but I must forbear, having spent this evening to a late hour in writing this imperfect sketch of the most important events.

C. H. B

XVII.

Osnabruck, June 29, 1877.

We have arrived at the extreme northern terminus of our contemplated trip on the continent. The lesson received from Mr. M.'s experience in his native parish prompted the determination that it would be folly for me to visit Essen in the grand duchy of Oldenburg. For, although he was a young man of twenty years when he left his native country, yet not a single person recognized him, and but a few "ancients" remained who remember his existence after many detailed explanations. Even the venerable "Rev. Kaplan," who had been his teacher in the rudiments of Latin, coolly remarked upon the introduction of his former pupil: "How should I know you?" This disappointment brought tears to Mr. M.'s eyes. Why should I venture on a similar disappointment, it being quite sure that no person in Essen could have a faint recollection of the boy of twelve years, who, in company with his parents, left for America in the last week of February, 1839; more especially since no immediate relative survived our return to the native land?

The city of Osnabruck does not present much of general interest, though in antiquity it ranks among the historic cities. The Episcopal see was founded by Charlemagne in 810, and the cathedral, built in the 12th century, is a large structure of the Byzantine style of architecture. The main altar in the cathedral is of recent date, consists of a plain marble altar table, supported by beautiful marble columns, a graceful tabernacle in the center, with two steps for candlesticks on each side, and over this altar is a splendid canopy, resting on four grand columns of marble. It stands in front of the choir, i. e., the chapel, in which there is a beautiful throne for the Bishop, and the canons assemble for the recital of the office; thus the celebrant singing, or saying mass, is in full view of the dignitaries as well as of the faithful in the body of the church. As you turn to the walls of the epistle side of the church, the eyes rest on a simple monument over the saintly remains of the hermit, who, in the days of primitive fervor, had immured himself in a cell on the spot where, now, one of the steeples of the cathedral stands. Upon this monument rests the "Block of wood" which served the hermit as a pillow, and the iron discipline used in religious vigor for mortification. On a slight elevation hangs the "Iron shirt" or bodice made

of heavy wire. We visited the several other churches, but none of them are more than of ordinary beauty of style or size. In passing from the main street into one of the narrower alleys, we noticed a great many houses bearing the year 1500 and 1600. The peculiarity of these ancient buildings is chiefly that they are five or six stories high, the first two or three stories forming the body of the house, and the other three stories are under the roof. Each of these houses has an inscription on the front gable end, generally in the Latin, but occasionally in the old German language. They are mostly quotations from the Bible and always end with year, "Anno Domini" 1500 or 1600, whatever the particular year of the century it happened to be, being added.

Our uncle, Rev. Otto H. Borgess, having finished his studies in the Theological Seminary of Munster, I felt considerable interest in the many wonders so frequently rehearsed by him, and others, who, like him, seemed to think Munster the greatest city in the world. It existed in the time of the reign of Charlemagne, but was evidently of minor importance in its early history. It was once a strongly fortified city, with eight massive gates, but the fortifications have been leveled and nothing remains of them except the delightful promenades around the city. On the

main streets the business houses are full Gothic structures, provided with arcades to support the upper stories. This furnishes a charming sidewalk on either side of the street, shielding against the burning sun or the pelting rain, and provides the shopkeepers a place for a fine display of their wares.

The cathedral is built in the Gothic style of architecture, is a large building and has the appearance of belonging to antiquity, but I could not ascertain the particulars of the date. The church of St. Lambert, which is now being extensively repaired, is a grand Gothic edifice, and has a tower 400 feet high. It leans so much to one side that its fall seems so imminent to strangers that there is no comfort in looking at it. But in that condition it has braved the storms of centuries. The church has become historic from the three iron cages, which have remained suspended, from about the center of the tower, since the year 1536. The excitement of the reformation had crazed the Ana Baptist leaders—John Von Leyden, Bernard Knipperdolling and Bernard Krechting—so that, under the pretext of religious reform and the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, they taught the wildest doctrines, practiced the grossest abominations, and became barbarous and shameless in their

public conduct. Admonitions to recall them to the paths of virtue, the threats to punish them for their flagrant violations of law and social decency, were not only in vain, but responded by those crazed reformers in publicly calling on the people for an insurrection and revolt against legitimate authority. Such repeated acts of violence demanded their arrest and trial for high treason. The three, having been condemned to death, were imprisoned in the "iron cages," and suspended, about 200 feet from the ground, in the tower of St. Lambert's church until the day of their execution. The house in which John Von Leyden lived is still shown in the market-place. The city hall, noted for having the articles of peace signed in it in 1648, is an imposing Gothic building with a magnificent colonade running around the lower story. Here I remember that our mother undertook a pilgrimage of twenty leagues' distance from home, as an act of kindness to Mrs. Faske, who went to America, I believe, and lived somewhere in Illinois. The object of the pilgrimage to Telgte was the cure of the son of Mrs. Faske, who was obliged to walk on crutches, and, being a lad of my own age, and a school-mate, I have a vivid recollection of the fact. The boy went to Telgte, in the company of his own and our mother, and returned without the

crutches, having been so perfectly cured that he could walk with ease, and grew up a handsome boy. This circumstance made me resolve to pay a visit to Telgte, it being only a distance of seven miles from Munster. The turnpike road is as level and smooth as it possibly can be, and furnishes a pleasant carriage drive. But on the left side of this there is a pathway of about six feet in width from the city of Munster to Telgte, for the devout pilgrims. At the distance of every mile on this pathway there is a beautiful statue of the "Mater Dolorosa," and thus the seven dolours of the Blessed Virgin are represented, and suggest the appropriate subject of meditation on the way to the votive church, and chapel of the miraculous statue in Telgte. The statue, at the time of our visit, had been removed from the chapel and stood on a simple but neat pedestal, close to the communion railing in the sanctuary of the main altar. Seeing it at a distance, it presents nothing remarkable. It represents the "Mater Dolorosa" with her arms crossed over the breast, the head inclined to the left, and the face and eyes turned heavenward. As the church was filled with devout people, I felt delicate in advancing, fearing to disturb their devotions, but being encouraged by the priest, I advanced slowly until we stood right closely near the statue. What a change! It seemed so

life-like—so devotional! The expression of the sorrowful eyes so real, that it fascinated our admiration, and held us captive in sympathy. Having performed our devotion as our dear mother did, in the same place, some forty years before, we returned to Munster.

Our visit to Wesel was interspersed with feelings of indignation, of sympathy, of sorrow, and, also, of admiration. For, though we saw none, yet we well knew that the noble defenders of the faith—the many victims of the cruel and abominable "Falk Laws," or, as it is here generally called, "The Cultus Kampf"—are incarcerated in the "Prison," which looks as cheerless from without as it surely is within. The town had lost all its interest for us, and we went there rather as an act of devotion and sympathy for the imprisoned religious priests and lay Catholics who are compelled to drink the bitter cup prepared by the impious Bismarck and his allies, for their fidelity to God and His church. It is true that in this prison the martyr's blood has not flowed, and the scourge has not rent the innocent and virgin flesh, but the weight of the chains, the want of proper food, the damp and chilly prison cells, have demanded their full share of victims, and death has ended the sufferings of many within the walls of this miserable bastille. Adieu!

C. H. B.

XVIII.

Amsterdam, July 6, 1877.

It happened that I had entirely forgotten the address of our venerable uncle, the only surviving brother of our deceased mother—Herman Henry Dinkgreve, who has lived about half a century in this city. But remembering that Rev. B. G. Soffers had obtained information from the Redemptionist Fathers, and thus been enabled to hand him my photograph, which he kindly volunteered to take, we were obliged to have recourse to them. The good lay brother spent a half day, and only late in the evening was able to bring the news that our good uncle would meet us at the convent the following morning after mass. I had seen him once or twice, on a visit in Germany, before we left for America in 1839, but even my imagination failed to picture him, and hence we both were entire strangers at our meeting. But introducing himself to me after mass, he was all reverence, yet all joy at heart, and a flood of tears testified to his sincerity. He is small of stature, about my own height, well proportioned, rather thin, his hair quite gray, his

countenance quite fresh, and upon the whole looks very well preserved for his advanced age. If my memory serves me he is either two years the senior or junior of my mother, and in either case over seventy years old. All his children and his son-in-law had accompanied him to the hotel. They spent the better part of the day with us in rehearsing the past, and learning as much about America as they could realize or take in. He assured me over and over again that he had always hoped and prayed for the happiness of this day, and was willing to say with Holy Simeon: "Now thou dost dismiss thy servant, O, Lord, according to thy promise in peace." Although the city of Amsterdam is built on low, wet ground, and its surroundings want all the picturesque beauty of the many cities which we have visited, yet it makes a good impression, and has many charms peculiar to itself. It is true that the greater part of its streets are canals, and the rest very narrow, yet, with a few exceptions marvelously clean. In Venice we found the principal streets "all canal," with not even a footpath on either side. But here the five principal streets are wide, and of these the "Heeren Stratt," "Keizer Straat" and the "Prinzens Graacht" are the most elegant. They are two hundred and twenty feet wide, the canal

in the center is sixty feet wide, and on either side of the canal the street is eighty feet wide, which, being well paved, makes them handsome thoroughfares. There are two hundred and ninety bridges over these canal streets, which are arched to an elevation, so as not, in the least, to interfere with the free navigation on the canals.

The houses are mostly constructed of brick, approached by flights of stone steps, being frequently six and seven stories high, and very pointed at the top, with the gable end to the street. The lower part of the house is what we would call a basement story, but entirely over-ground. Among the public buildings, the Palace is the most remarkable. It is an immense structure, built of stone, in the form of a parallelogram 262 feet long, 206 feet wide, 108 feet high, and rests on 13,659 piles driven 70 feet into the ground. Originally it was built for a town hall, and occupied by the Magistracy, the Courts and other city officers, but in 1808 it became the Royal Palace. The great hall in the Palace is 111 feet long, 52 feet wide and 90 feet high, and lined throughout with white marble.

I need not remind you of the historic fact that Amsterdam was originally a Catholic city and continued to be until 1578, when religious liberty was granted to all the sects. The principal

church edifice is the "New church," founded in 1408, 350 feet long, 210 feet wide, and has 95 windows of stained glass. Of course, it was intended to be a Catholic cathedral, but as soon as the Calvinists gained strength, and especially the support of the government, by becoming the state church, they saw no reason of not, by force, taking possession of the best church. At present there are sixteen Catholic churches in the city, all of them very good, substantial edifices, but none of great architectural beauty or imposing grandeur.

The art gallery contains a complete collection of the masterpieces of Dutch artists, and a grand collection of prints, perhaps unsurpassed in any country. But as the collection of paintings is confined to the productions of the country, it cannot give a general favorable impression to the visitor who comes from Munich, Naples, Florence and Rome.

Utrecht is not a remarkably large city, but it has some points of interest. It is built on somewhat of an elevation, and in the shape of a harp. It is traversed with two considerable canals, which are crossed by numerous stone bridges. The fortifications which formerly surrounded the city have been leveled, and now form a delightful promenade of three miles. Outside of this

city is the "Maliebaan," where eight rows of magnificent shade trees form a double carriage way, and a beautiful foot path on each side of the center road, the whole being as charming a promenade as the most fastidious could desire. It was formerly an archiepiscopal city, and the cathedral erected in 1382 is, to this day, the grandest structure in the city, and in its present dilapidated condition it displays its ancient architectural beauty. The tower, in the Gothic style, stands entirely detached, and a considerable distance from the church, forming a grand archway for the entrance into the churchyard, and is 388 feet high. Protestant piety (?), of course, had to appropriate this ancient church, though the small space, fenced in by boards—not even honored with a coat of paint—which is used on Sundays for their service, shows that they never had any use for it, and cannot, to-day, offer any apology for driving the Catholics out, who devoutly filled it.

In this city the banished Jansenists of France swelled the number of this heresy to such a degree that they established the church of Utrecht, and elected their own archbishop in 1723, who was consecrated by the excommunicated Bishop Varlet, a fugitive from France. The consecrated Pseudo, Archbishop Steenhaven,

announced his promotion to the Pope, and asked for the Papal confirmation of the same, which every Archbishop succeeding him has done, for they profess the faith of the Primacy of St. Peter and his successors. This miserable heresy established two suffragan Bishoprics, one in Haarlem, the other in Deventer, having, in all, about twenty-five parishes, thirty priests, and numbering about four thousand adherents. At present it has hardly an existence, and would, long since, have died out, had it not received the support of the Calvinistic government. They own three churches in this city, and, in all, there are eleven Protestant churches in Utrecht, but the entire church-going Protestant population could be crowded into the old cathedral. Here, too, the five Catholic churches are not extraordinary in size, nor in style of architecture, but the spirit of the faith, the fervor and piety of the Catholics in this city, is manifested by the numerous attendance at mass on week days, and the thronged churches on Sundays. The quarterly market-days are great events. Several days before the opening of the market there is a great stir and activity on the spacious grounds of the market, in the erection of the many booths for the great variety of goods offered for sale, as well as for the many traveling shows, which move from the

one great market to the other, and seem not the least ingredient to make the whole a success. In these the minstrels, the clowns, the rope-walkers and dancers, the flying Dutchman, the menagerie, etc., take an important part, especially the opening ceremony, which is as amusing as it is ludicrous. To the stranger the affair looks foolish enough, but, upon mature reflection, very little, if any, fault can be found, for it is a kind of national frolic, in which the young folks delight, and the older find a share of amusement, and look on with pleasure. It is a "Gay show," but strictly moral from beginning to end. What I here assert of the jolly opening ceremony, I cannot presume to affirm of the week's market, which is carried on in dead earnest, and indulges, no doubt, in as much dishonesty in this city as the world over.

Our visit to Rotterdam proved to be a delightful surprise. The city, in population, is second in the kingdom of the Netherlands, but in its commercial aspect it seems to have no rival. It is the first city in which, up to date, we observed an American activity, earnestness and push in every branch of business. The main streets are crowded with people, not, indeed, whiling away their time, and enjoying the brilliant displays in the store windows, but serious in their demeanor,

and quick in their movements. They look business. The dense procession of vehicles of every description, loaded down with merchandise, pressing up and down the street, the yells of the drivers urging the beasts, and the right of way in the throng, add not a little to the busy scene. The canals, in the very heart of the city, are of sufficient depth to permit the largest sea-faring vessels coming right up to the large warehouses. The life, stir and general bustle at these wharves for unloading the ships is only mellowed by the songs of the sailors, which are as jolly as they are agreeable. The navy-yard, or the ship-building establishment of the government, is an extensive affair, and equipped with all the modern improvements in that line of business. Learning that we came from America, the officers received us kindly, showed us marked attention, and afforded us every facility to inspect in detail every department of the works.

The finest church is that of St. Lawrence, built in the 15th century (from 1414 to 1472), which, of course, the Calvinists have possession of, though originally a Catholic church. It is a Gothic structure, pretty large and handsome, with an unfinished tower. There are several Catholic churches in this city, but here, as elsewhere, the limited means of the Catholics, when robbed of

everything by the violence of the reformers, did not permit them to build grand churches.

Rotterdam is the birthplace of the famous Desiderius Erasmus (his father's name being Gerhard Helic) in 1467. As he was a man of great learning, honored by Bishops, Cardinals and the Pope, and courted by the potentates of Europe, being in high favor with the most distinguished men in England, the reformers made the greatest efforts to gain him for their unholy cause. It is evident from his letter to Luther, whom he chastised for his ill-temper and vulgarity, and counseled to meekness and Christian nobility, that he was not without sympathy for the reformers. But it is not less evident that, after the condemnation of Luther and the associate reformers, Erasmus emphatically denounced them and repeatedly declared his adhesion to the Catholic church. In a letter written from Basel, May 19, 1535, he declared, "That he would tolerate no one in his house who is affected by the new doctrine." Of his death (1536) it is recorded that his last words were: "O, Jesus; have pity on me! O, Lord; deliver me! Mercy, O, Lord! Mercy!" But no mention is made that a priest had been called, or that he had received the last sacraments of the church. Two weeks before his death he stated in a letter to his friend, John

Goclen: "In Basel, it is true, I live among my most sincere friends; but, on account of the difference of faith, I prefer to end my days in another place." June 28, 1536. This seems to justify the conclusion that he did not only persevere in the Catholic faith, but also desired to die fortified by the last sacraments.

The Hague is the capital of the Netherlands. In it the king, the foreign ambassadors and the chief officers of the kingdom reside, and the supreme court is held. It impresses a person at once as a royal city, in the military displays and general attire of the officers of the government. It is rather pleasantly situated, traversed by canals, and kept very clean. For width and straightness of streets, and general elegance of the public buildings, it will bear comparison with the most of the continental cities. The royal palace is the most important structure in the city, but we were better pleased with, and more interested in, the court of Holland, which is a large irregular building in various styles, on the Vyverberg, founded in 1249, containing the hall of the assembly of the States General, which is richly ornamented with paintings of no ordinary merit.

The public parks are frequent in the city, not more than four or five squares apart. The largest and most beautiful is the Queen's park, in

which the royal military band discourses charming music every other evening in summer. A numerous herd of spotted deer sport for the amusement of the people, frequenting the park during the day, and crowding it in the evening. The order kept by the police is perfect, and no vulgarity is ever heard. The cars run through the principal streets of the city to the sea-shore, a distance of about two miles. This is a delightful excursion, the sea air refreshing, and the place itself charming; the bathing establishments arranged with admirable nicety, and the restaurant and hotel accommodations are perfect. Hague is one of the principal summer resorts for Englishmen, and in consequence nearly every hotel keeper speaks the English language pretty fluently. There are twelve churches in this city, five of them Catholic; of these, St. James, built in the 16th century, is the largest and most handsome. Of course, it was appropriated by the Calvinists. * * *

C. H. B.

NIX.

Hertogenbosch, July 16, 1877.

This city, though of considerable antiquity and historic fame, yet does not present much for the admiration of the traveler. In America it is better known by the French name "Bois le Duc." By its name it points to the origin in 1184, when Godfred III founded the town on the hunting-seat of the Duke of Brabant. Being a fortified city, it withstood the sieges of 1601-1603, but in 1629 it was taken by Prince Frederic Henry; again by the French in 1794, and finally by the Prussians in 1814. We called on His Grace Archbishop Swysen, who proved a happy exception in not only receiving us with formal politeness, but cordial kindness, manifested in many ways. He is eighty-two (82) years of age, quite gray—yes, his hair is white—very emaciated and feeble, of tall, handsome stature, and his mind remarkably bright and vigorous. He accompanied us to the cathedral church to point out the work of the last ten years in restoration. The great St. John's church was begun in 1280 and finished in 1312, and is one of the finest Gothic structures in Hol-

and. The fury of the reformation, in the destruction of everything Catholic, vented itself on the grand cathedral in the occupation of the city in 1629. The maddened mob, led by the religious fanatics, either entirely annihilated the elegant stone statuary and superb paintings of the old masters, or disfigured them to a degree, in and around the church, that they became horrid or ludicrous caricatures. The sight of them filled us with indignation, more particularly in the face of the infamous assertion, so shamefully repeated in our day, that we are indebted to the reformation for the flourishing condition of science and art. On the walls in this cathedral the mutilated paintings, the maimed statues and the destroyed figures in the windows of stained glass bear a nonumental testimony of the barbarity of the fanatic reformers, and their base falsehoods in the perversion of historical facts. The ten years' work, and the twenty-five thousand guilders expended have only restored one of the side entrances to its original beauty, and it is likely that one hundred thousand guilders will not suffice to replace the whole statuary and windows. But money cannot replace the paintings of the great masters. There are six more Catholic churches in this city, all pretty handsome and spacious structures, yet not of extraordinary

merit. We were the guests of the venerable pastor of Orthe, a village about three miles from the city of Bois le Duc, who is an older brother of my Chancellor, Very Rev. H. J. H. Schutjes. I have mentioned in my former letters that Rev. Schutjes, Sr., and Rev. Van Erp, Sr., in company with their two reverend brothers from America, met us in Paris, went with us to Lourdes, Rome, Naples, Loretto, Milan, Turin and Geneva, and then left us, being in a hurry to go down the Rhine and home. We had a delightful reunion in Orthe, being joined by the Vicar General, the President of the Diocesan Seminary, and several of the neighboring reverend pastors. The feeble state of the health of the Most Rev. Archbishop increased my gratitude for the kind call on the day after my first visit, and greatly surprised Rev. Schutjes, Sr., who seemed more astonished than we were. But the delight of the whole company grew enthusiastic when they saw the carriage drive up to the pastoral residence, and the venerable Archbishop alight to join the dinner party. They all declared it an event which had never before happened during the many years of his episcopal administration. Remaining on Sunday in Orthe, I said mass in the church dedicated to St. Roche, at seven o'clock in the morning, and was not a little as-

tonished to find the edifice crowded with devout people. But my surprise was increased when, assisting at the high mass, not only the church, but also the church-yard, was packed with the faithful. This was explained that the sight of a Bishop, in this little country church, was among the extraordinary occurrences, because the extent of the diocese, the multiplicity of the episcopal duties, and now the debility of the octogenarian prelate did not permit His Grace to visit the smaller parishes. In the administration of the Sacrament of the confirmation, four, five, and more of the smaller country parishes bring the candidates to one of the larger churches in which they are all confirmed.

The whole of the country, for miles in every direction, from Bois le Duc, is like one of our western prairies,—an immense meadow, traversed by innumerable canals, and protected by larger and smaller dykes. The land is considerably below the level of the sea, and hence the facility, in case of war or the like, of inundating the whole country, at will, by breaking one of the great dykes. They claim here that the climate is healthy, though it does not so impress the traveler; for similar low and wet lands in America would insure ague enough to shake the strongest frame to pieces. The sallow com-

plexion, the blistered lips, the sunken eyes, the shivering limbs, and the general woe-begone looks of the people who have condemned themselves to the ague swamps in our country, are never seen in Holland. On the contrary, the people look hale, strong and full of life and vigor; and, judging from the houses in the country, and all their surroundings, the week-day and Sunday attire of the peasantry, the fine herds of cattle in the meadows, the frequency of carriages and blooded horses, the elegantly cultivated gardens, etc., the conviction hardly admits of a doubt that the people in this country enjoy a fair share of prosperity. All this is strongly confirmed by the ladies coming from the country into the cities on Sunday and market-days, in their profuse display of ornaments of massive gold, especially the curious, heavy gold band over the forehead. The rosette (often resembling a bee-hive) with the elaborate pendants, hang from the ears; the jeweled crown of gold, instead of the comb, on the back of the head, for the fastening of the hair. The whole looks like an extravagant luxury, yet very modest and rather pleasing. But it would be a great mistake, inferring from the last, that the country people in general, and the ladies in particular, indulge in the extremes of fashion, whereas absolutely the contrary is the

truth. They, as much as the northern Germans, appeared to be obstinate in maintaining the customs and usages of their great-great-grand-fathers and mothers. * * *

C. H. B.

XX.

Antwerp, July 18, 1877.

We are in Belgium, engaged in the sights of the city of Antwerp. The general appearance of this city at a distance, before entering it, is exceedingly picturesque, formed by the many towers of the churches, the grand old convents, the magnificent public buildings, and the profusion of beautiful trees.

The streets being a perfect cobweb, a stranger has no business to venture out alone if he does not desire to make sure of losing his way. The city proper is only two miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide, it is built on a bend of the River Scheldt. It is of very ancient date, for it is said that in the 15th and 16th centuries it had 200,000 inhabitants, and 2000 vessels annually entered its ports. By the terms of the peace of Westphalia, the navigation of the Scheldt was closed, and caused the commercial ruin of the city, from which it has not recovered. The cathedral is one of the largest and most beautiful specimens of Gothic architecture in Belgium. It was commenced in the 13th cen-

tury, and is said to have been over eighty years in the course of construction. The exterior is truly remarkable for the exquisite delicacy and elaborate beauty of workmanship, but the ceiling in the interior being massive arches, supported by a double row of columns of great dimensions, seemed to crowd the church a little, and did not impress us as remarkably graceful. One tower remains unfinished, but the other is 366 feet high, and second to none we have seen in beauty and grandeur, from the foundation to the summit. It possesses several of the paintings of the two great masters, Rubens and Van Dyke. The "Taking down of our Lord from the cross," with the copies of which every Catholic is familiar, charms the beholder at the first glance, for he seems, at once, convinced that every image, every feature, every shade on that canvas, is faultless, and the scene as devotional as it is grand. The other is "The raising of the cross on Calvary," a much bolder conception and more difficult task, even in the hands of a great master. But the fact that it fills the beholder, almost simultaneously, with great admiration and profound sympathy, proves the success of the artist. As you devoutly scrutinize each figure on the canvas, the discovery is made that the artist has painted his own likeness in the robes of a Roman

soldier, whose countenance vividly expresses the horror filling his soul, in beholding the Deicide tragedy, as he had pictured it in his mind for the reproduction on canvas. They are both deservedly called masterpieces of Reubens. St. James cannot be compared with the cathedral, but withal is a large structure. The interior I consider is handsomer than the cathedral itself. In it the remains of the famous Rubens rest. He died in 1540, and his tomb behind the high altar, is covered with a marble slab, with an appropriate inscription.

St. Andrews church is famed for its truly magnificent pulpit, representing the mission of the Holy Ghost in statuary of elegant workmanship. The idea is the tree of life ramifying into the sacraments of the redemption, — culminating into the external triumph. These and the many other churches in the city are enriched with paintings by Reubens, Van Dyke, Teniers, and other masters. We spent a delightful morning in the art gallery of the most renowned Belgian and Dutch artists. The collection is not very extensive, but choice; and for that reason affords greater pleasure during a short visit. It seemed to me that I never was more inclined to stipulate for a painting; than a piece—just far enough advanced to feel confident that the copy

would be unquestionably a success. I returned to it a second and third time, not so much, indeed, for the charm of the picture, but for the enjoyment experienced in seeing the artist at his work. He seemed a man about thirty years of age, wearing a short but full beard, being of rather slight frame, being of very intelligent expression of countenance. Both his arms were wanting—not even a stump at the shoulders indicated that he ever had been blessed with them. You will readily understand why I felt such a charm in seeing him paint. What I should have greatly doubted, that I saw with my own eyes: This man painted with his feet and used them as dexterously, in holding the palette and brushes, together with the guiding rod with the left foot, and laying on the most delicate colorings of paint with the brush in the grip of the right foot, as any pair of hands ever employed at a similar work. The toes on both the feet seemed to be considerably longer than on the generality of feet, but in every other respect I did not observe any particular difference in this man's feet and limbs. But he used his toes as skillfully as the musician does his fingers, and his limbs were as flexible as the best practiced pair of arms. In walking, however, it seemed to me that he did not take as bold and

firm a step as other people do; but he appeared rather to trip or skip along like a gay boy of twelve summers. The copy at which the two feet were engaged, I would surely have bought had the subject of the painting permitted it.

In my letter about Amsterdam, I refrained mentioning our visit to the zoological gardens, which we greatly admired, for we were assured that the one in this city by far surpassed it. We have enjoyed one entire afternoon in the zoological gardens of Antwerp, have leisurely investigate every department, and were much interested in the variety of information volunteered by the gentlemanly managers and officers. It is true that the garden is more artistic in its general management, and the appearance of the whole more pleasing; but in my opinion it is a great mistake to declare it superior to the one in Amsterdam. In the last named the animal kingdom, and the specimens of the great families there presented, are more complete, more noble, and more perfect than those in Antwerp. There is from thirty to forty feet of water in the river at ebb-tide, and hence the largest ocean steamers can come up to the city; and thousands of emigrants to the United States have taken sail at this port.

From here we purpose to go to Brussels, and

then to Tournay, hoping to obtain the necessary letters from Monsignor Dumont the Right Reverend Bishop of Tournay to make sure of seeing Louise Lateau. We are obliged to economize time considerably in order to be able to realize our intentions.

C. H. B.

XXI.

Ghent, July 22, 1877.

The city of Antwerp made a very favorable impression on us, and we had every reason for regretting we could not prolong our stay. But the city of Brussels is the grand center of attraction in this country—it is truly the Paris of Belgium. In many respects it really resembles the great city of France—the general air put on by the people, the “extremes” of politeness, even on occasions laughable enough, the tone of superiority assumed by the gentry; yes, by the dirty-faced, uncombed, moustached, would-be nobility, and many other such demonstrations of superior absurdities. The boulevards and royal parks, the intermixture of ancient and modern styles of architecture; the profuse display of everything calculated to please the multitude in the showcases and store windows; whatever may be acceptable to the devout, or delight the lascivious is equally frequent in the public exhibit. The origin of the city is of the early Christian age, and was called “Isle de St. Gerii,” the village being built on an island of the Seine,

which flows through the center of the present city of Brussels.

The city proper has only a circumference of three miles, which is the grand boulevard lined with a double row of trees, and as clean and elegant a promenade on either side of the carriage way as the most fastidious can desire. With the exception of the few new ones, the streets are very irregular and crooked, the houses handsome buildings, the great majority of those along the boulevard are grand structures.

The church of St. Gudule, called the cathedral, is an imposing and grand Gothic structure, erected from 1226 to 1663, or in the course of 467 years, and is built on a considerable elevation. It is cruciform, built of brick, has two square towers, each two hundred and twenty-six feet high, but they seem to be still incomplete. The interior of this church has the stamp of simple grandeur. To the inside of the piers of the nave are attached on brackets fourteen colossal statues, representing Jesus, Mary, and the twelve apostles, which are the work of Du Quesnoy. The pulpit is a remarkable piece of wooden structure by Verbruggen. But the stained glass in the windows is the most brilliant we have seen. Though the city is not noted for its religious sentiments, and everything seen in the public exhibition leads to

the contrary conviction, yet we were told by well-informed persons that the Catholics of Brussels are a truly devout and pious people.

We arrived at Tournay to receive a cordial welcome from Right Reverend Bishop Dumont. His Lordship was at one time a missionary priest in the Diocese of Detroit, being on the 10th day of November, 1857, appointed pastor of the mission of Redford, Wayne county, and Farmington and Southfield in Oakland county, and remaining in said charge to the 18th of November, 1861,—four years—at which time he was nominated to the Vice Rectorship of the American college, at Louvain, Belgium. The plain brick church at Redford, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, is, it is said, built chiefly of the private funds of this devout missionary, and is, to-day, a worthy monument of Bishop Dumont's zeal for the honor of God in the mission of Redford. The lapse of sixteen years had not obliterated his interest in his humble mission in our diocese, for he inquired all about several persons by name, and into the minutest particulars about the present prosperity of that mission. He pressed us so urgently that we found ourselves obliged to accept the invitation for dinner, and after that he gave us a very warm letter of introduction to the Rev. M. Cure Niels, of Bois d'Haine. The

cathedral is a fine church edifice, but exteriorly of no particular beauty, the front or older portion being built in the pure Roman style, whereas the sanctuary, or rear half of the church, is in a kind of Gothic style, from which transition in the style of architecture the exterior appearance of the church suffers somewhat, and offends the eye. The interior, however, makes ample amends, for it is so handsome and charmingly beautiful that it compares favorably with the best in the country. In the antiquity and richness of the vestments and sacred vessels, it surpasses most of them. The several other churches in this city, like the majority of them in this country, are good and substantial structures, serving the great purpose for which they were erected, but offer nothing for special admiration.

The arrangements having been completed, we started on the first train on Friday morning, July 20, 1877, for the village of Bois d'Haine. The railroad station very much resembles the many of the kind in the United States, the station house being a cheap frame structure, the so-called village consisting of a pretty large building, serving as a general store and hotel, and a few scattered houses along the highway. It has not even a blacksmith shop. Here, too, the hotel department (the second floor of the house) was in charge of

the landlady, who bravely took hold of our heavy satchels and carried them up stairs as if they were trifles. The much-desired luxury of private rooms, and the privilege of disposing of the heavy coat of dust were not at our disposition. Having learned that the church of Bois d'Haine is about one and a half miles from the station, we were innocent enough to inquire for the hire of a carriage to take us there, which seemed to greatly astonish the good landlady. She soon convinced us that such a convenience was out of the question, but added, with considerable hesitation, that the only available conveyance would be an ox-cart, drawn by a pair of cows. We were assured that the road to the church is in very good condition, the distance not great, and it will be but a pleasant walk, and we started. The young son of the landlady, being our guide, led the way, and was quite communicative in telling us all that he knew about the marvel which we had come to see. Our appearance on the road seemed to be sufficiently curious to the people living along the highway, for young and old rushed to see the sight. Our guide now pointed out to us the steeple of the church and the road to be taken for our destiny, and bows himself away. We take this way through the fields, but presently discover it to be a pretty muddy path.

On an elevation to the right we observed a pleasant and dry path and at once concluded to follow it. To our amazement we found out that it has led us about half a mile out of our way, but following a road leading to the right, we again struck the abandoned path and are soon in the immediate proximity of the church. Approaching it from the rear, and having surveyed the premises, we concluded the handsome new brick building, to be the residence of the reverend pastor. It is surrounded by a brick wall. Whilst in search for the door bell, a little boy came along and we asked him: Where does the pastor live? That's the Sisters' house, said he, and the M. Cure lives on the other side of the church. The mistake corrected, we followed our new guide to the front of the church, and he pointed to a large old-fashioned gateway, saying: "Go in there and ring the bell; that's where M. Cure lives." We obeyed, rang the bell, advanced to the house, which is about a hundred feet from the road, were met by the smiling servant, invited in, and assured that the reverend pastor would soon be on hand. The reverend gentleman proved to be, at first sight, what he had been represented to us: i. e., anything but agreeable, and a very rough specimen of a man.

Right Reverend Bishop Dumont had instructed

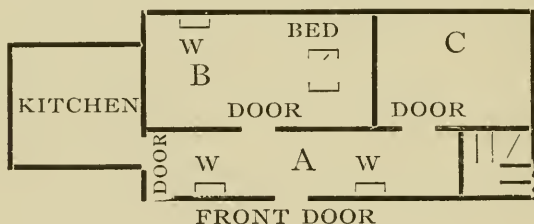
us not to be surprised if we found him disagreeable, saying, on account of the ever-increasing importunities, "I beg to assure you that M. Neils is the right man in the right place to maintain order." In order to smooth our path as much as possible, we at once handed him the letter of introduction, which he took in an impatient manner, opened it in the act of walking to his secretary in the extreme right angle of his study, resting his back on the desk until the reading was finished. A sudden rage of temper seized him; he walked the floor, shook his head, gesticulated vehemently and almost shouted: "It is impossible." His excitement waxed stronger; his impatience and indignation boiled up to such a degree that our chance of being turned out seemed imminent. In the midst of this scene I quietly took off my coat, put on my cassock, cincture and biretta, which alone saved me from his rage, which was now vented on Revs. S. and A. They asked him, by way of diversion, whether there was a hotel in the village, to which he replied, with a burst of indignation: "Go away; I cannot feed and entertain the crowds that come here." Having opened the door, politeness required them to depart. These intruders having been disposed of, M. Neils graciously turned to me, saying: "Monsieur, you can remain, and I'll be happy

in sharing my dinner with you." As if he regretted this slight evidence of civility, he presently turned to his secretary and began to write. The great majority of the clergy in Italy, France and Belgium indulge in the abundant use of snuff, but smoking is considered indecorous by them. You may, therefore, imagine the utter amazement of M. Cure when he saw me light a cigar, and desecrate his study by its perfume. At first, turning toward me, his eyes flashed with displeasure, but, looking at my calm composure, and the delight it afforded me in sending the smoke through the study, a happy change came over him, and he enjoyed a hearty laugh. At this moment I felt the lion was tamed, and it proved true. He seemed a new man, and continued polite, agreeable and sociable, conversing freely on various subjects. The fish dinner was good, but very plain. I mention this that you may feel absolutely convinced that it was not the effect of the dinner, if I was delightfully disappointed in seeing M. Cure Neils grow pleasantly jovial. But it was astonishing to see the housekeeper in such a hurry, removing dish after dish as soon as we had been helped. For the dinner ceremony in this country is so wickedly slow, that it required all the patience I could summon to enjoy it. The secret of this was revealed, when Revs.

S. and A. informed me, that, having been turned out by M. Cure, they went to the convent on the other side of the church and announced themselves ready for dinner. The good sisters having nothing provided, had recourse to the house-keeper of M. Cure, who handed the dishes from our table to the Sisters, and they placed them before their reverend guests. It is possible that the Rev. M. Cure Neils discovered the trick played on him, and that it helped in making him so jovial. The dinner over, I enjoyed another smoke, when, all of a sudden, I observed M. Cure move toward the side door, through which he had entered on his first appearance after our arrival. Fortunately, I suspected this flank movement, and hailed him with the question: "Monsieur Cure, where are you going?" He bowed and smiled: "I intended to go to the house of Louise Lateau." "Ah! Very well, M. Cure, I'll go along," was my answer. Rising at the same moment, I followed him "Nolens volens." Motioning to Mr. M. to follow me, we moved on at a slow pace, and, having passed the church, I noticed a reverend-looking gentleman, who had the appearance as if he might be English. He was delighted by hearing me accost him in his native tongue, and explained, in haste, that he had spent a week there, in hopes

of being admitted to see Louise Lateau, but failed. Sympathizing with him, I invited him to follow us, which he did. At this juncture we met Revs. S. and A., who had been on a keen look-out for us, and now joined our company. The distance from the residence of the parish priest to the house of Louise Lateau is more than a quarter of a mile, and upon our arrival we found quite a little assembly of people before the house, and among them five Religions. This was the signal for another outburst of the vehement displeasure of M. Cure Neils, because they, too, had not gone through the prescribed regulations and been admitted by him. It was nearly 1:40 o'clock P. M. The house of the Lateau family is a very plain one story brick building about fifteen to eighteen feet long, and about the same width; the kitchen being a small, low addition to the left end of the house. The door of entrance is nearly in the center of the side of the house, towards the road, having three small panes of glass in the transom above the door, and there are two small windows, one at the right and left of the door, each of them fortified with four heavy iron bars, making the whole look very much like a little jail. Above the little transom window of the door there is a square window of about two feet, to light the garret rooms under the steep roof.

M. Cure Neils did not knock at the door upon our arrival, but took hold of one of the iron bars before the window on the right side, and silently walked to the door which promptly opened for his admittance. The eldest sister, Rosine, is far famed as an inflexible character in the capacity of door keeper, but my attire so filled her with awe that she offered no resistance to my entry. Turning round I told my companions to hold on to the knob of the door until I'd come back. The interior of the house is divided into three compartments: i. e., the front room, marked A,



being narrow, but the length of the house, excepting the stairway for the garret; in this four women were seated around a table busy at their needlework, who honored us only with a passing glance of curiosity. The room marked (C) is a small bed-room, but the room marked (B) is the one occupied by Louise Lateau, which we now entered.

Louise Lateau, the youngest of three daughters, was born on the 30th of January, 1850, and three months later (April 17, 1850,) her father died of small-pox. The eldest, Rosine, was three years of age; the second, Adeline, a little more than two years old; and the good mother, Madame Lateau, was left with the three helpless children, in very poor circumstances, and obliged to struggle hard for their support, which she did in a noble manner. But this state of want allowed the little girl, Louise, only three months of regular schooling, in which she learned to read and write some. She improved this imperfect education so well that she now writes a good hand. In the year 1866 the cholera broke out in Bois d'Haine, attacking, first, three persons in one and the same family. The father, mother and daughter lying at the point of death at the same time, so frightened the four grown sons that they fled. The reverend pastor, finding the three dying persons abandoned by their dearest relations and all the neighbors, called on Louise Lateau, now about 16 years of age, and begged her to nurse the sick. God seemed to inspire the young girl with the necessary confidence, for she joyfully entered on the charge, and remained with them until they had closed their eyes to time. This dreadful dis-

ease had spread an uncontrollable panic in the community, and it was impossible to cheer them for the performance of the chief duty of Christian charity—the burying of the dead. This obliged Louise to prepare the victims of her charge for the grave, and she and the M. Cure alone prepared them for burial. Louise felt that a merciful Providence had called her for the performance of the work of heroic charity, which increased with an appalling rapidity in the parish. Though not of a very robust constitution, having been the victim of severe attacks of sickness, yet she, so far, surpassed herself in endurance, spending day and night in administering to the sick, being almost ubiquitous in nursing, in cheering, in consoling in the several stages of the torturing malady. She manifested, particularly, almost preternatural courage and strength in being ever ready to dig the graves, to carry the dead, and assist the M. Cure Neils, whom a stern necessity compelled to be the pastor, undertaker and grave-digger for his own unfortunate parishioners. In this noble and heroic work of charity, Louise persevered, not a week, not a month, but as long as the frightful epidemic lasted,—until the last patient had been cared for,—until the mortal frame of the last victim had been gently sunk down into the grave

and covered by the work of her hands. Of the survivors in the parish, there was not a single one who did not owe her the debt of gratitude, and they vied with one another in manifesting it to their benefactress. All were loud in her praise, and all hearts and tongues blessed her. Thanking God for having favored her with the opportunity of doing good, for giving her the strength to persevere in it to the end, and for preserving her from the contagion of this deadly disease, Louise quietly joined her sisters in aiding their mother in the support of the family. We see her again the simple, innocent and saintly girl, at the long table, in the front room, a diligent seamstress, bearing the invisible crown of the heroine of charity.

C. H. B.

XXII.

Ghent, July 24, 1877.

You, I am sure, can more readily realize the heroism of Louise Lateau, than the great majority of people, for there are not many who, like you, have been eye-witnesses of the frightful scenes so frequent in the years of cholera in the United States. You saw the one hundred and twelve prisoners in the Ohio penitentiary who died of cholera. You accompanied your reverend brother on his sick calls to the hundreds of cholera patients in the city of Columbus, Ohio, in the three counties—Franklin, Delaware and Marion, Ohio. You saw the many sick of cholera on the railroads, in the farm-houses, in the cities—their alleys and lanes. You walked for three summers (1849–50–51) in the shadow of death. The very recollection, the bare thought causes even now the blood to chill in my veins, for it brings to view the frightful writhings, the horrid convulsions, the maddening tortures, the black agonies of the hundreds in the grip of death.

This letter was addressed to his brother, Mr. John Borgess.

I take great pleasure in introducing again in this letter, the same heroine whose noble works of charity we have admired in union with the parishioners of Bois d'Haine. We left her in company of her sisters at the table in the front room hard at work with her needle, in the enjoyment of perfect health. This blessing, however, was to be only of short duration, for in the beginning of the year 1867 Louise Lateau was afflicted with a disease of the throat, which gradually became so bad that she could only with great difficulty take the prescribed medicine. From day to day she became more feeble, and in the month of September her debility created great alarm. It was deemed advisable to administer the last sacrament to her. In this critical moment her mother and sisters joined her in a novena to our Lady of Salette, at the end of which Louise was cured. But it was evident that Infinite Mercy designed to school her, in patient submission and holy resignation, by repeated visitations of afflictions. For in the month of March, 1868, she was attacked with a severe hemorrhage of the lungs, and this disease so exhausted her strength that she herself concluded she was at the door of death. On the 15th of April, 1868, she summoned all the dear ones to her bed-side, and took formal leave of

them, and requested to receive the Viaticum. After receiving Holy Communion she experienced a desire for her recovery, and began to pray for it. Her prayer for recovery had scarcely been completed when every vestige of pain had left her. On the 17th of the same month she made her first attempt to rise, but was so weak that she could not stand on her feet. At this she smiled and remarked: "That will be all right, for on the 21st of April I will walk to the church and receive Holy Communion during mass." Being reduced to a skeleton, and not able to stand on her feet, this declaration seemed absurd. But the people of Bois d'Haine, considering her a saint, freely admitted that God, in his goodness, might have promised her the blessing. Early in the morning of the 21st the parish church of Bois d'Haine was crowded with devout people, who waited, in breathless suspense, for the arrival of Louise Lateau. Their faith was abundantly rewarded by seeing her walk into the church unsupported by any one; staying during mass, receiving Holy Communion, and returning in perfect health with her mother and sisters. She continued perfectly well and happy during the following two days, but this blessing and happiness was soon to be exchanged for dreadful forebodings of returning

malady. All of a sudden, on the 24th of April, 1868, she experienced those dreadful pains which had tortured her in the previous years, and she was much alarmed, discovering that the blood flowed freely from her left side. Trusting that it had been but a slight return of the former disease, and the bleeding having entirely ceased on the following day (Saturday), as well as being free from pain, Louise kept silent about the previous day. But as the suffering returned on the first of May (the following Friday), the side bled more profusely, and blood began to ooze out from the upper part of her feet. She grew more alarmed, yet held her tongue, wisely concluding to consult her confessor about it. Rev. Father Neils is a man of sound judgment, and, from what I have stated in my letters about him, you have already drawn your conclusion that he is not much given to the imaginary, nor inclined to enthusiasm, much less of a visionary character. Hence you are not surprised that, having listened to the statement of Louise, he told her: "That is nothing; go home and keep quiet about it." She obeyed. On the 8th of May, at 9 A. M., blood flowed freely from the left side, both feet and both hands. M. Cure Neils began to feel uneasy about the unaccountable phenomenon, and directed his penitent, for

medical aid, to Dr. Gonne. The doctor, believing it a natural ailment, exercised his skill for several weeks, in trying to stop the bleeding. The medicine was given, the applications made, —in short, everything tried proved in vain. The bleeding of the side, of the feet, and of the hands continued every succeeding Friday. At this juncture M. Cure Neils considered it his duty to inform his ecclesiastical superiors of the facts, and sent an unvarnished statement of the case to His Lordship, the Bishop of Tournay. Besides the theological investigation instituted on the 8th of September, 1868, the medical investigation continued for one and a half years, every medical scientist trying his hand at it; there being, frequently, fifteen doctors at work on Fridays. In 1870 over one hundred doctors, representing every nationality, had tried and exhausted their strength in curing Louise Lateau, but failed signally. The bleeding of the wounds was the very same on each succeeding Friday. It continues to the present day, as we witnessed on Friday, the 20th day of July, 1877. The language of St. Paul to the Galatians, (chapter 6, verse 17) seems to apply to her: "From henceforth let no man be troublesome to me, for I bear the marks of our Lord Jesus Christ in my body." Dr. Lefevre, Professor of the Catholic

University at Louvain, being a solid and practical Catholic, and, in the medical profession, an acknowledged authority, published a full report of his observations during his prolonged visits at Bois d'Haine, and thus describes Louise Lateau: "She is of full and round figure; of a fresh, slightly-colored complexion, having blonde hair and blue, clear, bright eyes." And, I beg to add, of medium female figure, a very ordinary mold of features, and by no means a handsome girl. Permit me here to state that having read some reports about her, and heard much more from those who had seen her, I did not feel justified to deny nor even to question such honorable testimony. But I had suspended my own judgment on the subject, firmly determined to see Louise Lateau, make my observations, and form my own opinion according to what I had seen and been convinced of. I came, therefore, to Bois d'Haine, not, indeed, a skeptic nor a believer, but as one willing to be convinced by ocular evidences. As I mentioned before, M. Cure and I entered the room marked (B) in the diagram, and I stood at the foot of the bed on which Louise Lateau was lying. The sight presented considerably astonished me, who, during the last twenty-eight years, had grown quite familiar with the appearance of the sick and dying. Her

countenance had a livid hue, her eyes were partially closed with the eye-balls turned upward, her mouth was open, her chest heaved convulsively, her hands moved slightly to and fro, her head tossed from time to time, in short, all the signs of a death agony crowded into view, and under ordinary circumstances I should have urged M. Cure quickly to administer the last sacraments, and commence reciting the prayers for the dying. At this moment the M. Cure informed me that this is called the "Agony," which begins at midnight of Thursday and continues to the same hour of Friday night, and that during the whole of that time she is unconscious of anything around her, except when she is called to consciousness. As a proof of the last statement, he invited me to call her to consciousness, which I declined on account of our loud and undisguised conversation in her presence. But he said in a low tone of voice: "Louise," whereupon she entirely opened her eyes, turned her head and looked at me. Blessing her, I presented my ring; she kissed it and expressed her gratitude by a reverential smile. I had come to see and judge for myself and therefore kindly requested M. Cure to leave the room. He promptly obeyed, but, having stepped over the threshold, he stood there leaning his back against

the door-frame with his note book and pencil in hand. I first seated myself on the only chair in the room, which I had placed at the right side, near the head of the bed. Louise's two hands rested on several thicknesses of folded linen, spread over the bed-cover, and were covered with a folded linen cloth. This I removed. The hands were both heavily covered with blood; in some places it had congealed, and looked very dark, but in the center between the fore and little fingers, on the upper part of the hand, the blood was quite fresh and flowed freely. Not knowing at the time, what I learned afterwards, that the wiping of the hands causes her intense pain, I proceeded to wipe off the hands for a more perfect inspection of the wound on each hand. The wound or stigma on the right hand seemed more than one inch in length, about half an inch at its greatest width, and is of oval shape; turning the hand I saw a wound of the same form in the palm of the hand, and opposite the wound on the back of the same. The blood seemed to raise in bubbles forming in rapid succession, flowing in a spread stream down to the wrist. Examining the wound itself I was well convinced that the skin of the hand was not broken, nor in any way injured, and there was no sign of a wound made by any

material instrument, sharp or dull. And, withal, the blood oozing out of the wound appeared a reality, and complete in form. It being impossible to see the wounds of the feet and side, I ventured to unhook the dress of my patient at the neck to see the shoulder. It proved a sad sight! It had the appearance of being cruelly bruised, and the flesh crushed to a jelly. On the top of the shoulder the bruise seemed about three to four inches wide, but, though it looked raw and fresh, yet it did not bleed at the time. It is on the right shoulder. The hair had been cut short and combed over the forehead, almost down to the eyebrows. I brushed it back with my hands, to see the marks of the Crown of Thorns. I observed spots of dark yellow skin, at irregular intervals, and about a dozen in number. I could discern them pretty easily, without a magnifying glass (using my spectacles, of course), at the top of the forehead and the base of the hair of the head. These wounds were dry; that is, did not bleed in the least when I saw them. I leaned back on the chair leisurely, to reflect on the revelation made when a change, like an electrical shock, came over Louise; her head fell back on the low pillow; her eyes opened to the utmost, raised upward, but slightly turned to the right; her

countenance had assumed a happy and bright look, and, as far as I could see, she ceased to breathe, became absolutely motionless, and seemed dead. It was the work of a moment, and took me so much by surprise that I had no time to reflect, and, in consequence, I felt completely paralyzed. M. Cure, no doubt observing the shock it had given me, kindly stepped forward. "Monsieur, the ecstasy has begun." Moving off toward the front door, to admit the strangers, I followed him, in haste, and found that the English Benedictine Fathers, Revs. S. and A. and Mr. M. held possession of the door, and were the first to enter the house. M. Cure Neils admits twenty persons, who have observed the established rules and being "ticketed" every Friday during the ecstasy, but my four companions, and the five religious who pushed in, added ten persons to the usual number, and the room was much crowded.

I mentioned before that, ordinarily, Louise does not impress a person as a handsome girl, yet the exclamation now echoes from every corner of the room: "Isn't she beautiful?" "How lovely she looks!" "That's an angelic countenance!" And it is so true that no painter ever succeeded in representing an angelic face and heavenly expression, which, in any way, com-

pare with the supernatural beauty reflected in this countenance. It gives us an idea of the beauty and splendor of a glorified body of the new creation on the day of resurrection. In America the newspaper reporters are conceded to be surpassed in impudence only by a first-class commercial agent. On the continent, however, the newspaper men are, generally, not so obtrusive, and, as a class, much of the gentleman. But in Bois d'Haine we had the misfortune of meeting with a sad exception, for this man, literally, played the part of a clown or buffoon. He skipped about the room, talked at the top of his squealing voice, explaining, in minutest detail, what Louise would do in this, the second and every other instant, making the whole, marvelously, look like a preconcerted ceremony, or show. He finally reached the end of his roll, and order was restored. The first of our party to step forward and bless her was Rev. A., and, in response, Louise smiled. This so-called "Smile" is not really a smile, in the natural order, but a peculiar lighting up of her countenance, her lips opening enough to see the teeth. Rev. S., as you know, wears a slight beard on his chin, and on this day, not having shaved, and wearing his duster (which ought to have been white), he had anything but a clerical

appearance. He stepped forward to the foot of the bed and blessed her. As she responded, by the peculiar smile, a prolonged "Oh!" was heard all over the room, in the supposition that Rev. S. was what he appeared—a dutch farmer. M. Cure and the newspaper man simultaneously exclaimed: "Monsieur, is that gentleman a priest?" and having answered in the affirmative, a joyous "Oh!" re-echoed through the room. Mr. M., as you remember, was mistaken for a priest in Chicago; and, several times on our European trip, he was believed to be my reverend companion. He advanced to bless her and did it in a very patriarchal manner, forming a large cross in a very solemn way, but Louise did not smile. This so forcibly struck the old gentleman, that he turned away and wept bitterly. The Benedictine Father, from England, went around, stood behind the headboard of the bed, and, from there, blessed Louise, which she again acknowledged by the beautiful "Smile." All these experiments were made in solemn silence, all eyes being fixed on the Ecstatic, and the hearts throbbing in admiration of the marvels witnessed. Monsigneur Dumond, speaking of 'the Ecstatic, said: "I do not know, and wished not to be informed, whether your pectoral cross has a 'Relic of the Holy Cross'

inclosed in it. But if it has that relic in it, I will now state how Louise Lateau will act when you present it to her: She will rise in her bed in a sitting posture, and hold the cross in her folded hands; her countenance will beam with joy, and she will thus remain till you take it away. And, Monsigneur, I do hereby give you all the authority which I have in her regard." Of course, I was anxious to verify this statement, made one day before our arrival at Bois d'Haine. I took off my pectoral cross and held it by the chain over the breast of the Ecstatic. Like a flash she arose, bent over in a complete semi-circle, holding my cross in her tightly-clasped hands, her eyes raised to Heaven, and her countenance beaming with joy, as if lit up by a Divine ray. I again took hold of the chain, without intending to take the cross away from her, and began to pull upwards, when I discovered, to my greatest amazement, that I could lift the Ecstatic at will, as if she weighed but a pound. But my amazement increased to awe, when, in obedience to my thought, the Ecstatic promptly relaxed her hold of my cross and dropped, as if dead, on the bed. She had firmly clasped the cross with both hands all bloody—the precious streams flowing down the wrists for several minutes. But my cross had not a stain of blood on it—yes, it looked as

if it had just been polished. A new revelation had been made, and for the confirmation of it, I commanded her, in thought, to consciousness. At once she obeyed, turned her head towards me, and looked inquiringly at me.

In thought again I said, "That is enough," and her head that moment dropped back, her eyes were fixed, and, as before, she ceased to breathe, at least as far as I could notice. It is said that Louise understands and speaks only the French language, but I am convinced, by the experiment made by me, that in her ecstasy she understands equally well English, German and Latin.

Behold the wonderful change in her countenance! Excruciating pain is mirrored! a flood agony depicted! her face bears the livid hue of death! her frame grows cold! she of a sudden extends both arms, crosses the right foot over the left, and her head sinks so that her chin rests on her chest. Almost involuntarily all present fall on their knees, for prayer, but are promptly disturbed by M. Cure insisting that the room must be cleared and the visitors depart. For this scene lasts only about ten minutes, and then Louise returns to consciousness. M. Cure Neils is under strict orders from his ecclesiastical superiors that Louise Lateau may not see, and, as far as possible, not know of

the presence of the many visitors during her agony and ecstasy on Fridays. On the 20th of July, 1877, the ecstasy commenced at one o'clock and fifty minutes, and we left the room at two o'clock and forty-five minutes in the afternoon.

C. H. B.

XXIII.

Bruges, July 26, 1877.

Under ordinary circumstances I would feel obliged to apologize for the length of my last letter, but dealing entirely in the extraordinary, and flattering myself that you were anxious to have the report of all my observations, I hope that it received a cordial welcome. We spent several days, one of them a Sunday, in the ancient Catholic city of Ghent, which dates its origin to the 7th century, but was not of great importance until the 12th century. At this time history mentions it as a well fortified town, and towards the end of the 13th century Charles the Fifth said: "I will put Paris in my glove," a declaration even till to-day kindly remembered by its inhabitants. Being pleasantly lodged in the hotel "Golden Lion," I am reminded of a little incident which Mr. M. did not relish. In Tournay we enjoyed the luxury of the hotel called the "Golden Monkey." Unfortunately, he became conscious of this fact by seeing the picture of a handsome monkey painted on the sign-board of the hotel. He shook his head saying: "It is tough to have

it said in St. Louis that 'we were caged with the monkey!'"

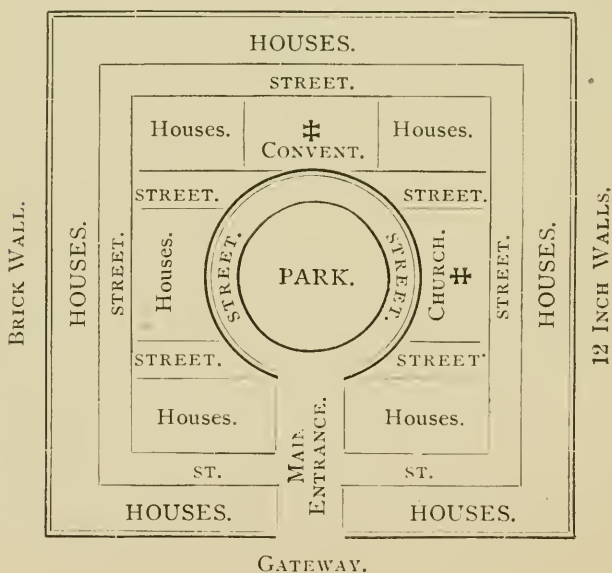
Our hotel of the "Golden Lion" is in the immediate vicinity of St. Martin's church, which is a beautiful edifice and very large. We arrived in the city at a late hour on Saturday evening and could not have the honor of an introduction to the reverend pastors of St. Martin's. At seven o'clock the next morning I presented myself in the sacristy and met a Reverend Assistant, who politely informed me that he had to see my papers, which I promptly handed him. He was evidently not familiar with a Papal Bull, for he took time and pains to study it. But having taken "it all in" he seemed to feel dreadfully embarrassed, and endeavored hard to make amends for his mistake by attention and kindness. This was the second time my papers were demanded in Europe.

The cathedral of Ghent is also a vast structure, and, though in its exterior it is somewhat heavy and by no means graceful looking, yet its interior is finely proportioned and richly decorated. It has a beautiful crypt, a handsome, carved pulpit, and many monuments and grand paintings. The tower is 272 feet high. The church of St. Nicholas is the oldest in the city, grand in style, which, in my opinion, is

greatly injured by the modern portico. In the church of St. Michael we had the pleasure of seeing the celebrated painting of the "Crucifixion" by Van Dyke. We paid our respects to His Lordship the Bishop of Ghent, and found him an old, venerable-looking gentleman, rather austere of expression, very reserved and dignified in his manner and of medium stature. He received us very kindly, indulged in a good many questions about America; in particular about Belgian priests in the United States.

We availed ourselves of the railroad facilities, the trains running as regularly on Sundays as week days, and made an excursion to Waerschoot, a country parish, and the village in which the V. Rev. E. Joos' brother resides. He is a Notary Public, an important and often very lucrative office in this country. Our visit was a surprise, not only to the Notary, but all the village, whose curiosity seemed aroused to the highest degree. Having spent a few pleasant hours there, we returned to Ghent. Our next visit in this city was to the "Beguinage," an institution, I believe, peculiar to Belgium, for we found one or two of them in all the larger cities. Those in this city, however, are the most extensive in the country. We went to the one nearest our hotel, which is not the largest, but consists of three hundred

houses, besides the convent for the Sisters in charge of the institution. The whole is an extensive square piece of ground, surrounded by a high brick wall, with a large gateway in the center of the front side of the square. The houses are built in a row along the walls, then a street, and on the opposite side of the street the second row of houses is built; this is tapped by the intersecting streets, built up with houses to the right and left. They terminate at the central park—the grounds for general recreation. The pretty large church for the inmates of the institution stands at the right, and the convent of the Sisters in charge at the head of this park.



This, of course, is a very imperfect diagram of the grounds, but it will serve to give you a remote idea of the arrangements of the institution. It is in truth a small city of Religions within the great city, having its spacious and lesser streets, and a beautiful central park. The houses of brick are all two stories high, built in the same style and of the same dimensions, and look plain and neat.

Any Catholic female who is single or a widow, young or old, can enter and live in this institution upon these simple conditions:

1st. She must have a sufficient competency for her own support, or be willing to earn it by her industry.

2d. She must be willing to submit to the strict observance of the discipline of the institution.

Everyone of the inmates is perfectly free, at pleasure, to leave the institution, but her departure is for good, she being not allowed to return. They are not bound by any vows; hence, if an opportunity offers to settle in the world, or if anyone feels dissatisfied with this religious retirement, they leave without the slightest reproach. The inmates wear a uniform, or a kind of religious habit, which somewhat resembles that of the novices in the regular convents. There are

Sister servants of the institution, who go into the city for the marketing and general supply of provisions. They, too, wear a uniform dress, which is much like that worn by the portresses of the convent of the "Good Shepherd." Each house being provided with a small kitchen, the inmates cook their own meals and enjoy the little or plenty, according to their own means. The first impression, no doubt, is that the institution is a "Home" for the disappointed, and old maids. But my inquiry led to the conviction that this impression is a mistake, for in this country it is regarded as a kind of religious institution and held in great esteem. This was confirmed during our sojourn in this city (Bruges), when the Rt. Rev. Bishop went to the Beguinage, for the reception of a wealthy young lady from that city and after the ceremony presided at the grand feast prepared for the inmates by her parents.

We all know that customs of a national type are found in all the older countries, and are things upon which a stranger has no right to sit in judgment, and, if he ventures even an opinion, he is not likely to manifest great wisdom. I beg to simply state the facts which I observed. In France the people are seen frequently working in the fields on Sundays and Holy days, and the retail business houses in the cities are open in the

forenoon on those days, as well as during the week. In Italy it is seldom that the people are seen working in the fields on Sundays, but in the cities they do the same as in France. In Switzerland nobody works in the fields on Sunday, but the stores are open. In Germany I saw masons and carpenters at work on a new house on Sunday, the saloons open all day, but the retail stores closed at 10 o'clock in the morning, and occasionally I saw persons at work in the fields on Sunday. In Holland all the stores are closed on Sunday as soon as the first bells for divine service are rung, and the same rule prevails in Belgium, except in Ghent. Here all the stores, shops and saloons are in full blast from the rising to the setting of the sun. After sun-down only the saloons are kept open; the people, young and old, turn out and crowd the frequent public squares in the city, and the promenades are crowded with the gay.

The city of Bruges is an important port of entry. It occupies a circumference of four miles. To-day it has only about one-fourth the number of inhabitants which it had in its most prosperous days. It became a fortified city early in the 9th century, when it graced the brow of the North sea, but the drainage of the sea for several miles has left it high and dry, an inland town. I

sent my letter of introduction to Monsigneur Bethune, who responded very promptly and volunteered himself as our guide. I have already adverted to the absence of His Lordship the Bishop at the reception of the young and wealthy lady in the Beguinage, but meeting him on the following day, we were charmed with his cordiality and the great kindness extended. He converses very freely in English. The cathedral has lately been refrescoed and looks quite fresh and new in the interior, the nave being 108 feet high and the aisles being in good proportion in height and width, you can form some idea of the dimensions of the whole. The church of Notre Dame is but a short distance from the cathedral, is an imposing structure and probably the most artistic church edifice in the city. Its tower and spire is 450 feet high, and serves as a landmark for the mariners. It happened that our visit to this church was during the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The music was of the Palestrini style, the basso and tenor were good, the alto extraordinary, but the soprano was a marvel of perfection—quite as good, full and clear as the one we heard in St. Peter's in Rome. There were only male voices in the choir.

St. James' church is the next door to our hotel; the reverend pastor being ill, the acting pastor

proved very kind to us. The exterior is almost hid from view, but the interior is handsome, to which the magnificent decorations for the patron feast, no doubt, greatly added. They have five bells in the belfry of the heavy-looking tower; three of them were rung for an hour on the eve, and for another hour early in the morning of the feast. At this church they had a first-class funeral during our stay in the city, and all the bells were rung for an hour. The Rt. Rev. Bishop having given us the requisite permission in writing, Mgr. Bethune was indefatigable in obtaining the keys, knowing that one of the persons would leave the city that very evening. The "Relic of the Precious Blood" is kept in a beautiful chapel expressly built for it, and in a vaulted shrine locked by five keys in the hands of five persons, one of whom is a priest. The "Precious Blood" itself is in a glass tube of about eight inches long and one inch in diameter, and this tube is enclosed in a second glass tube, each of the two ends being surmounted by a gold crown, studded with diamonds and other precious stones, and finally the glass tubes rest in a grand shrine of pure gold, elaborately adorned with precious stones. The depth of the precious blood in the vial seems to be about one inch; it looks fresh in color, and not at all dark as congealed blood.

We were informed that this "Blood" had only twice liquified since the year 1308.

Before taking leave of this city, in which we have spent several of the pleasant days of our continental trip, I beg to introduce you to the famous "Halles" a grand old structure, square in form and surmounted by a tower 354 feet high. It was used for general marketing, centrally located, and has many attractions for the citizens, as well as strangers. Of these, the numerous and sweet-toned set of chimes in the tower are not in the least. They are, perhaps, unsurpassed in Belgium, and not often equaled on the continent.

* * *

C. H. B.

XXIV.

London, July 29, 1877.

We are a second time in the great city of the world. Our first could not really be called a visit for we made the least possible delay, our chief aim being the Eternal city.

But we are here to see all we can in the allotted time. I am far from believing such a course a wise one, for we have been thoroughly convinced by the cruel fatigue endured, that the plan of seeing and enjoying so much in such a short space of time is a mad folly. The other day a Rev. Mr. Raynard, of St. George's in Southwark, related that a Frenchman in this city glorying in the grandeur of Paris, compared to London, was as much surprised as shocked at the cruel retort: "O, yes; we all cheerfully admit that Paris is a very respectable foreborough of London!" And if our impression does not greatly deceive us, the retort would not seem such an unpardonable exaggeration. We have hurried along in the cabs, passed over much ground, taken a general survey, seen a great deal—but the great task has scarcely been begun.

and we do not flatter ourselves at being able to do it with any satisfaction. If we could spend here two or three months, we might feel acquainted with the great city. It would border on absurdity if I were to attempt penning a description of the many points of note and admiration in this letter, instead of writing a book on this subject. Therefore, I beg only to mention that we visited St. James' and Hyde Park, the Buckingham Palace, the House of Parliament and Westminster Abbey, the British Museum, the Art Galleries, etc., etc. We walked through many of the most prominent streets for the better inspection and more perfect enjoyment of the magnificence displayed in them; we drove in cabs through several of the grand avenues leading into the remoter portions of the city, and from the first to the last our impression was confirmed that "London is the great city of the world." St. Paul's cathedral is considered the grandest structure in the city. It is built on the site of the Catholic cathedral—the summit of Ludgate hill—which was destroyed in the great fire of 1666. It is 510 feet long and 250 feet wide in the transept, but 180 in the main body, and cost £747,954 sterling, gathered by taxes. The exterior is handsome and imposing, but the interior is devoid of ornaments and impresses the

visitor with sad disappointment. Mr. M. remarked: "I am disappointed; the church looks as cold as Protestantism!" But in my opinion St. Paul's cathedral does not even remotely compare with the Westminster Abbey in beauty and grace of style, and in the imposing grandeur of the whole. It dates to the early part of the 7th century, but the greater portion of the present structure was completed in 1245. It is built in the form of a cross, 511 feet long, 203 feet in the transept, and the tower 225 feet high. The style of architecture is the pure Gothic, with the exception of the repairs made after the revolution, designed by Wren, the architect of St. Paul's, which are a mixture of Grecian and Gothic. St. George's cathedral in Southwark is the largest and the most beautiful of the Catholic churches in this city, and in many respects resembles the new cathedral in the city of Chicago, and costing, we are told, about £30,000 sterling, or a little less than the one in Chicago. All the rest of the Catholic churches are plain structures, no doubt, built for the immediate needs of the people, in keeping with the limited means at the disposal of Catholicity, but emerging from the tombs of the so-called reformation. We stopped at the "Queen's hotel," opposite the post office, almost under the shadow of St. Paul's cathedral,

and in the very heart of the city, and inquiring for the nearest Roman Catholic church, the chief clerk replied that he did not know, but would ascertain it from some of the waiters. He returned to the office stating that no person in the hotel could give us the required information.

Of course, starting out ourselves, we found the Pro-cathedral of His Eminence Cardinal Manning, only half a dozen squares from the hotel. I mention this fact because, from a business point of view, it would be to the interest of the persons giving the desired information, and as far as I could judge, none of the parties seemed to be over-stocked with religion to make them bigoted. Hence, I felt inclined to ascribe the ignorance to their supine indifference in religious matters. This was strongly confirmed on the following Sunday. From the thousands of the lower classes who spend the Sunday in sitting and lying on the door-steps and lounging about the streets, frequenting the saloons, and crowding the docks, the utter religious indifference is but too apparent. It is true that at all the services the Catholic churches were well filled, but not as crowded as the population would seem to demand. In like manner the general brilliant aspect of the city is intermingled with the sad, sobriety having its frequent exhibits of intemper-

ance, prosperity and luxury being humiliated by the extreme poverty and wretchedness which follows in its wake, fashion and gentility being shamed by the utter destitution and raggedness of the many.

The Regent's park, embracing 403 acres of ground, and being artistically laid out and kept in perfect order, furnishes a delightful drive of two miles on the first circular road, and toward the north leads to the several avenues of the Zoological gardens, but they are almost too extensive to be enjoyed by those who do not feel at liberty to return several days. For that reason I was better pleased with the Surrey Zoological gardens, only fifteen acres in dimensions, with a lake of three acres for the enjoyment and excellent display of the greatest variety of water fowl.

We had the pleasure of listening to a discourse delivered by His Eminence Cardinal Manning in St. Ann's church, either by special invitation on the part of the pastor, or by the force of necessity; for the subject so ably advocated by the Cardinal was, "The Necessity of a Catholic Parochial school." The attire and the attendance of His Eminence was strictly rubrical; his personal appearance verified the description frequently given of him; his style of elocution is very English in enunciation, modulation and ges-

ticulation. His voice is full and strong, but he indulges very little modulation and scarcely any gesture, save that of the occasional raising of the right arm and the pointing of the index finger.

But the tall, emaciated figure of His Eminence, the earnestness of his countenance, the solemnity surrounding him, and the solidity of his arguments have a telling effect on his audience, be they Catholics or Protestants, of the humbler or the highest ranks of society.

Although rather cold and distant in his manners and without the rigid adherence to English usages, yet on account of his nobility of character, sanctity of life and acknowledged erudition, he is universally respected, revered by his own, and honored by the nobles of the land.

Meeting His Eminence, a person almost involuntarily is reminded of the answer given on a hot July morning by Rev. Fr. Marshall. Being asked the usual question:

"How are you?"

"Very cold; very cold," said he, "for I've just shaken hands with the Cardinal!"

I know that this letter will greatly disappoint you, for which I tried to prepare you in the beginning, but a moment's reflection will convince you that it is unavoidable. In this conviction, I am obliged to say, adieu!

C. H. B.

XXV.

Liverpool, Aug. 3, 1877.

The history of this city does not descend into antiquity, it being but an insignificant village of fishermen in the latter part of the 16th century. At present it is a city very much like Chicago in size (495,000 inhabitants), in enterprise and general activity. The public buildings are not of extraordinary architectural beauty. St. George's hall is a sumptuous building in the Corinthian style, 420 feet in extreme length, the colonnade in the center 200 feet. Being situated in a large open space, it is exposed to view from each of the four sides. It is a handsome and imposing structure.

Our hotel is directly opposite St. George's hall and we are privileged to enjoy its sight at pleasure from our windows. The Revenue buildings, the Town Hall and the Exchange buildings are of considerable note. The latter elicited considerable admiration from Mr. M., finding it in every respect far superior to the St. Louis Exchange, which he firmly believed unsurpassed in any city of its size. We called on His

Lordship Mgr. O'Reilley, who is the third Bishop of Liverpool, but we regretted finding him absent from home. We formed, however, a very pleasant acquaintance with this young and energetic prelate in Belfast, at the dedication of the new cathedral.

The Pro-cathedral of St. Nicholas on Copperas Hill, established in 1812, is a very plain, modest structure. In this particular all the other churches share, none of them laying claim to artistic beauty.

We were informed that about half of the population of this city is Catholic, which seemed strongly confirmed by the frequent signs of respect and reverence shown by the people in the center as well as in the remotest streets visited by us.

There are but twelve ordinary-sized churches, seating from five to eight hundred persons, and eight good sized chapels, all of them seating about twelve thousand, and at the three different masses in all the churches about forty thousand people. From this it appears evident that there is not half room enough in the twenty church edifices to accommodate the people. We were delighted, observing that the attendance at mass on week days was much larger in this city than in the many larger cities visited, even in England.

As a commercial city, you are, no doubt, more familiar with its immense trade than I could presume to describe it. But the figures of receipts for dock dues being over two millions, and for custom dues being from fifteen to twenty millions of dollars, give some idea of its immense trade and justify me, in a measure, calling Liverpool the young rival of old London.

The most remarkable feature of this great seaport is the number and magnificence of the "Docks." All of them are along the bank of the river Mersey. There are thirty of them, divided into wet, dry and graving docks. The wet docks are principally for ships of great burden, employed in foreign trade; the dry docks, so called, are appropriated to coasting vessels; the graving docks are adapted to the repairing of vessels, and so arranged that the water can be admitted or excluded at pleasure. The extreme length on the bank of the river of the docks is five miles. The solidity, extent and beauty of these docks, and the excellence of the workmanship of the wall of stone, it seems to me, is second to none of the kind in the world.

The Zoological and Botanical gardens of Liverpool are very creditable—even good as far as they go—but only in their infancy, compared with those of Amsterdam, Antwerp, London, etc.

The same must be said of the Public Library and Derby Museum.

The city is laid out in the European cobweb fashion, frightfully irregular, excepting some of the wider business streets, which frequently run pretty straight for a long distance.

Among the Catholic educational institutions, the recently established Normal school in charge of the Sisters of Notre Dame is the most important. The Sisters set apart for the course of instruction are ladies of a high order of mental culture, accompanied by years of experience in training the youth. The school is well attended and in every way promises success.

There are a great many charitable institutions in charge of the Sisters of Charity, of Mercy and the Good Shepherd. The several religious communities have the charge of ninety-two schools for boys and girls in the Diocese of Liverpool. But as this would suppose that over one thousand pupils attend each of the existing schools, it becomes plain that over one-half the children can not attend the Catholic schools, not even in the city itself.

The Northwestern hotel of this city, in which we stop, is among the very best hotels in England and on the continent, indulging in the luxury of modern improvements, such as we, in America,

consider indispensable in any ordinary good hotel. The elevator, for instance, found in the Northwestern is introduced in but a very few hotels in Europe.

From here we intend to go by rail to Holy Head, from there by steamer to Kingston, and from there by rail to Dublin. The weather is charming, our health good, and we will avail ourselves of the first opportunity to send a report from Ireland. It is amusing to see the reluctance of Mr. M. in leaving this city, where he has formed the acquaintance of some very kind friends, and his prejudices are not in favor of Ireland.

C. H. B.

XXVI.

Dublin, Aug. 26, 1877.

At last we are in the metropolitan city of Ireland. Although the almost incessant rain has not allowed us to take an extensive view of things, yet we have spent some hours in the morning and evenings going about on foot observing the houses, the stores and shops, but particularly the people on the streets of the different quarters of the city. I am truly sorry that such a state of ragged poverty surrounds us, but street beggary is comparatively seldom. In France, Italy, Germany and Switzerland intemperance on the streets is among the rare events; in Holland, Belgium and England it is met with from time to time, but here it is an exception if you do not meet it within every square. You may apologize and account for the sad state of poverty which exists, for the general ragged appearance of the young and old, which fills you with sympathy and pity; but one blushes in attempting to "whitewash" the miserable state of drunkenness of young and old men, and even young and old women on the public streets.

But the fact becomes more humiliating, when it cannot be denied that the horrid public exhibit is more common with old and young women. All that meets the eye would seem to conspire in the general gloom, the absence of freshness in the exterior appearance of the stores and dwellings, the filthy streets and the universal lack of tidiness in appearance of the people.

A letter awaiting our arrival at the "European Hotel" had given us a favorable introduction which was strongly endorsed by Mr. Michael O'Neil, formerly my sexton at the cathedral in Cincinnati. He had been at the hotel some days, and no doubt had favored Mrs. Maloney, the landlady, with my history, as far as he was in possession of it. At any rate, upon our arrival the landlady extended as cordial a welcome as if we had been numbered among her best friends, and we were entitled to the very best accommodations in the house.

My first visit was to His Eminence Cardinal Cullen, who resides in one of a block of houses. The house does not deserve the name of the "Palace," for it is neither large nor handsome, such as an American dry goods clerk would not feel proud of. His Eminence had been quite sick and his physician had ordered him to retire into the country for the enjoyment of the neces-

sary quiet, and, having left my card, I drove back to the hotel.

The church of St. Dominic and the Dominican convent being quite convenient, Mr. Michael O'Neil kindly made the necessary arrangements for me to say mass in that church during our stay in this city. This enabled me to listen to the eloquent sermon of the renowned Father Tom Burke, O. P., on the Patron feast—St. Dominic's day, the 4th inst. Although it was Saturday, yet the church was crowded to its utmost capacity at the 10 o'clock high mass. The panegyric of the saint by Father Burke was a masterpiece of oratorical composition, the delivery grand, and the effect on the people was manifested by the abundant streams of tears flowing from the eyes of the majority of his audience. I knew that the orator was very unwell, that he arose from his bed and went to the pulpit; but he had so nerved himself that whilst he spoke no person could have suspected him a sick man. The next morning, inquiring about him, I was told that Father Burke, returning from the pulpit to the convent, immediately went to bed and remained there still.*

Our first drive out of the city was to the cemetery, which, they claim, is among the handsomest in the world; and, in truth, it is beautiful in the

* This was Father Burke's last illness.

arrangements of the walks, in its many monuments and the many tomb chapels. The monument erected in memory of Daniel O'Connell is 165 feet high, very graceful and a fine piece of workmanship. In the tomb chapel under the monument the casket containing his remains, the caskets of his two sons and of the wife of one of his sons are exposed to view. There are a great many more private tomb chapels, some of them quite elaborate in workmanship and of excellent design, in which, we are told, it is permitted to have the mass of the month's mind celebrated for the deceased. The new mortuary chapel in the course of construction is a simple but beautiful stone structure, and pretty large in size.

From the city of the dead we drove to the Botanical gardens, which is but a short distance. We were happily surprised by the artistic arrangements, and the completeness of the conservatories. The natural beauty of the grounds demands only a moderate skill in adorning and enhancing them to make the garden what it is, one of the most magnificent of the kind in the world.

Leaving the Botanical gardens a ride of fifteen minutes brought us to the gate of All Hallows. Rev. J. G. Doherty and Mr. John Lovett, from our diocese having been students of theology in

it, we felt an interest in becoming better acquainted with it by our visit. But it being the time of vacation we found only one living being in the house and he was sick; in vain did we try to announce ourselves, and rang the college bell; in vain did we exercise patience to get sight of a porter. We took our leave after inspecting the exterior of the building and the grounds surrounding it. It is a new, but very quaint and odd-looking building, of a style which it would not be easy to name, except that the architect did not aim at any style in particular, for it looks like a large, massive, unadorned structure, which is more remarkable for its quaintness than beauty. The grounds around the college are spacious, but not only devoid of every ornamentation, but the grand courtyard in front exhibits neither care nor taste for the beautiful.

Our next visit was to the church of the Holy Cross and college of the same name under the special patronage of His Eminence Cardinal Cullen. The college is a large, plain and beautiful structure, but it is not entirely finished, though in use; in consequence the grounds had not received the required attention. The church, erected for the students of the college and the Catholics of the vicinity, is in the Roman style of architecture, faithfully carried out in

every detail. It has three very handsome marble altars made in Rome; the sides of the church in the interior are adorned with very fine paintings, illustrative of the Holy Cross scenes from the old and new testaments, and the ceiling of the same is handsomely frescoed. The whole impresses the visitor as a model church. Upon the occasion of the consecration of the church you may remember His Eminence Cardinal Franchi, Prefect of the S. Congregation of the Propaganda in Rome, honored Cardinal Cullen with his presence, surrounded by all the Catholic Bishops of Ireland.

Returning to the city, the smiling sun had set and the banks of dark, threatening clouds indicated plainly that we would be treated to a thunder storm before we arrived at our hotel. You may be sure we were not disappointed, for it poured rain in torrents before we reached our destiny.

The very name tells of the sacrilegious robbery of the only grand structure—the St. Patrick's cathedral—in the city of Dublin. It bears all the marks of genuine antiquity in its exterior grandeur and interior Catholic finish. But at present it is the cathedral of the Episcopal Protestant Bishop, and the church of Protestant worship of which they make St. Patrick their

patron!—for the most solemn condemnation of which the saint in his lifetime would most willingly have suffered martyrdom.

The new cathedral of the Catholic Archbishop is a very plain church edifice of a very moderate size and without a tower. The other Catholic churches in this city share in the modesty of the new cathedral, and are but small and unsightly temples of God; but the new church of the Sacred Heart on the other side of the river Liffey is pretty large and a handsome structure.

The Dublin castle, the official palace of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, is truly more remarkable for its size than architectural beauty. The former Irish parliament house, now the Bank of Ireland, is one of the finest buildings in the city, having a splendid colonnade of Ionic pillars in front. Near by is Trinity college, an imposing modern structure of the Corinthian order. It is attended by a large number of students; has two libraries, one of 130,000 and the other 20,000 volumes, and a pretty good museum. The Four Courts is a massive stone building stretching 500 feet along the King's Quay on the river Liffey, and having a beautiful portico of heavy Corinthian columns, the center surmounted by an immense circular "Lantern" having twelve windows, and twenty-four Corin-

thian columns. The whole looks heavy and sombre, yet it is one of the most imposing buildings in the city.

We visited the industrial school in charge of the Christian Brothers a few miles out of the city. There are about 700 boys in the institution, the order observed perfect, and the industrial department admirable, the chief branches of which are painting, tailoring, boot and shoe making, carpentering, blacksmithing, etc. After we had gone through the several work-shops, in which the boys were busy at their work, we were conducted to the central play grounds, and a young officer came forward, blew the military bugle call and remained standing at his post. Presently a procession of the 700 boys marched out into the grounds. The young bugler blew the signal for the drill, which was performed with charming precision and was interesting to a little excitement. The next signal from the bugler was for the brass band, consisting of some thirty boys from 10 to 16 years—16 being the age of the leader of the band—and they played several pretty difficult pieces of music, in which they displayed admirable good taste, great facility in execution, and a remarkable musical talent.

Upon the signal given by the bugler, these retired and another class of at least thirty musicians

stepped forward—it was the orchestra or band of stringed music. I felt almost sorry to see this band take the stand, knowing the great difficulty in avoiding the tortuous scratchings on the string instruments, fearing that their efforts would be much inferior to the brass band. But we were delightfully disappointed, for the performance was highly creditable—one of which a band of older musicians might not be ashamed.

We gave them a day of recreation and furnished them means for a little extras, and the young bugler gave the signal for the return march of the cheering boys.

C. H. B.

XXVII.

Belfast, Aug. 12, 1877.

In former days I had heard much of Drogheda from persons who had spent a great deal of time visiting there with some very intimate friends, and that tempted me to stop. It is a small city, but rather romantically situated, and judging from its general aspect, it seems to enjoy a fair share of vitality. We saw the four churches which are very plain edifices, though the two new ones are rather pretty, yet of no artistic note. The stores are not very extensive in size or business, but have an appearance of thriftiness about them, especially on the principal streets. The dwellings in this city are generally not very large, the majority of them in the remoter streets are indeed rather small, but they all look as if they had been taken care of, and as if cleanliness is here considered a virtue. We learned that the great races would come off the following day and that was a signal for us to move on, lest someone might possibly suppose that the event had brought us to the city. The next city of interest is Dundalk, north of Drogheda. The

two principal streets are each one mile in length, and a market place in both of them; the court house is built in the Doric style of architecture with a massive portico in front; the older houses are of stone, but the more modern constructed of brick. The Catholic cathedral (so-called) is a very beautiful structure and the only one of any merit. It is somewhat of a manufacturing town, having observed a foundry in which machinery and agricultural implements are manufactured, pin, match and starch factories and a pretty extensive distillery.

We paid a hurried visit to Lisburn, which, among the several cities along the railroad between Dublin and Belfast, looks the most prosperous. The manufacture of the finest linen is not the least of its trade, here you see the system of bleaching the linen in perfection. There is but one Catholic church in the town and the public spirit is sufficiently unkind to prove that there is a remnant of the Huguenot poison left.

Arriving at Belfast we engaged a cab to take us to the "Royal Hotel" to which we had been recommended on account of the religion of the landlady, she being a good Catholic. The cab and jaunting car drivers are a peculiar race of men—very good drivers, very attentive to the

passengers, very inquisitive, full of the gab and witty. As soon as his horse was started on a trot, he turned to me, saying: "I'm proud yer honor was in no dread to come into the midst of the riot!" I had taken pains in watching the progress of the reported riots in this city and found in the "*Freeman's Journal of Dublin*" that "Quiet and order had been restored." You may, therefore, imagine our surprise at the unexpected compliment of our driver. He, however, had no sooner discovered his mistake than he added: "I'm sorry, yer honor, that the storm ain't over, but ye need not be unaisy, for the battle is not in this end of the town." Coming to the hotel we were a little annoyed, being told that the house is crowded and we will have to ascend to the third story. It is situated in a central position in Donegal place, opposite to the Linen hall and only one square from High street, the principal business thoroughfare of the northern metropolis. Here we find an astonishing difference in the aspect of things; here the life and activity of the many great cities on the continent and in England are re-enacted. The rush of every branch of business, the thronged streets, the fresh and clean looks of the people, the elegant stores and the grand display of goods in the show windows, the profuse display of

fashion on the streets and on the promenades, all conspire in the impression that there is a happy degree of prosperity reigning here. There is scarcely a vestige of the wretched intemperance and ragged poverty of which I made mention in my former letter, and I sincerely hope we may not see again. After dinner I put myself in charge of a jaunting car driver, for he declared he was familiar with his Lordship's palace, which proved true. But we did not find the Rt. Rev. Dr. Dorian, the Bishop of Belfast, at home, and leaving our card, we returned to the city, a ride of about four miles from the hotel.

About two hours later His Lordship Bishop Dorian called on me at the hotel, extended a cordial welcome and at once insisted on my staying for the dedication of his new cathedral. His Lordship had sent word to the reverend pastor of St. Malachy's, the church nearest to our hotel, and Rev. Fr. Brennan soon came to extend his welcome and invite us for dinner on the next day.

This city has the reputation of being the first city in Ireland. First by no means in its historical antiquity, as such it dates scarcely two hundred years; but first in commercial prosperity. This, it seems to me, ought to be readily conceded. It is also an extensive manufacturing

city, which is not the least contributing source of its prosperity. Besides the manufacture of linen, for which it is renowned in America and Europe, the manufacture of cotton goods is carried on in the most improved manner and on a grand scale. The four great shipyards furnish lucrative and permanent employment to many mechanics; the four large foundries employ many men, and in like manner the several other branches, i. e.: the two large distilleries, the twelve breweries, the several large flour mills, the two vitriol works, the felt manufactory, the saw mills, etc. They all do their share in maintaining the life and prosperity of the city. It is claimed that over five thousand large vessels annually enter the port of Belfast, some thirty-five steamers ply regularly between this city and London, Glasgow, Liverpool, Carlisle, etc., etc.

St. Malachy's church is a large but an unsightly building, offering not an excuse for architectural beauty. Originally it was built for the crowd of poor people in the low grounds; but, whilst they are not excluded, the thrift and perseverance of the once poor people have enabled many to rise to an honorable competency, and they appear in the church now as respected citizens. The parochial residence stands a little back from the street on the left gospel side of the church and is

a spacious brick building. Punctual to the hour we entered the residence of Rev. Dr. Brennan and were delighted in again meeting His Lordship Dr. Dorian, who had arrived before us and joined the dinner party at 3 o'clock. In the course of the conversation we related the rather strange observations made during our morning walk in exploring the city. I remarked that I had been greatly edified by the true Catholic spirit manifested by the people in town, by the uniform reverence at meeting a priest on the streets. But we had met with a very strange exception, for in most of the streets the people did not only look at us with a sullen surprise, but in some instances they frowned from feelings of bitterness. At this moment all eyes were resting on us in great astonishment. His Lordship asked: "But pray, Monsigneur, where were you?" Not having paid attention to the name of the streets, I related that having gone from our hotel to High street, we concluded to become acquainted with some of the minor streets and turned to the right, again to the left, and walked on through several streets until we came to an out-of-the-way market. "My God!" exclaimed Father Brennan, "you were at 'Shank's Hill' and in the very camp of the enemy, and it's a wonder you were not stoned." Seeing the dan-

ger to which we had unwittingly exposed ourselves, I answered Dr. Brennan: "Well, at that rate, I guess we will have to forgive them for the frowns and sullen looks." This created a general mirth and the scare passed away. After the usual formalities after dinner, His Lordship bowed himself away, having invited us to meet the several Bishops, who had arrived, for dinner tomorrow at 5 o'clock P. M. at the Palace. We determined on an afternoon walk instead of going to rest, but we made sure not to return to Shank's Hill. We turned our direction to the several cotton mills, were charmed with the grand buzz of the machinery and pleased with the simplicity and solidity of the building in which this important branch of industry is carried on. The time had passed so pleasantly that we were a little surprised to find the hundreds of young women streaming out of the factories and hurrying home for refreshments and rest.

Among the arrivals at the Royal hotel were, the Most Rev. Dr. McGettigan, Primate of all Ireland; the Most Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, Bishop of Liverpool, and several of the reverend clergy from the distance. This furnished us a charming recreation for the evening, and we very reluctantly accepted the challenge to retire for the night's rest at a late hour.

At the first great dinner given to-day by the Most Rev. Bishop of Belfast, he was not disappointed in his anticipations of having many of the invited and announced prelates present and making it an introductory reunion. There were fifteen Bishops assembled, among them the Most Rev. Dr. McGettigan; the Most Rev. Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel; two from the United States of America, and one from England. There were about twenty invited priests at dinner. At 5 o'clock P. M. everything was ready and Rt. Rev. Dr. Dorian, and Most Rev. Dr. McGettigan led the way, grace was said and the serious work commenced. Rt. Rev. Dr. Dorian opened the speech making by a very handsome little address of welcome to his distinguished guests; similar little speeches were indulged in by many of the prelates; even the two American Bishops felt compelled to respond to the frequent flattering allusions made to them and the American Episcopate. It was nearly 9 o'clock when the party rose and went back to the parlors, and a quarter of an hour later all the guests took affectionate leave and began to disperse.

Most Rev. Dr. McGettigan, Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Reilley, Rt. Rev. Dr. Golbary, U. S. A., and your humble servant were in the same carriage returning to the city. We had to pass through the

lines of the two belligerent parties and this fact created some uneasiness, which increased to almost a scare when our carriage stopped and we saw ourselves surrounded by a thousand young women whose aprons were filled with boulders. The driver jumped from the seat, entered into a whispering explanation with one of the armed, and a gentle command caused the female combatants to file right and left, and we drove home without further molestation. We had but little time left for mutual entertainment, it being 10 o'clock P. M. when we returned to the hotel.

C. H. B.

XXVIII.

Belfast, Aug. 13, 1877.

Fearing that my last would prove tedious, I resolved to delay the report of the great event of yesterday for this letter. On account of the rioting continued in the Shank's Hill portion of the city, the Mayor judged it prudent to caution the Rt. Rev. Dr. Dorian adding, unfortunately, that he could not be held responsible for good order if the celebration took place. The reply of His Lordship was characteristic: "Permit me to request your honor not to be alarmed, the celebration will take place, order will be maintained. But I pledge my honor, that if we are disturbed to-morrow by the mob, every Protestant church in this city will be in ashes in twenty-four hours."

We drove to the new church at 9 o'clock on Sunday morning (the 12th inst.) knowing from experience that all parties are inclined to arrive at the latest moment. There were eighteen Bishops assembled and about sixty priests, who formed a procession according to their respective dignities and rank. The procession of the clergy began

to move at 10 o'clock, and arriving at the front door of the new church and forming a semicircle His Grace Dr. McGettigan in full Pontificals stepped forward and commenced the solemn blessing of the new temple, according to the prescribed ritual. The four streets leading to the church were literally packed with people, the great majority being young, healthy and strong looking men, their mien expressing not less determination than earnest devotion. All remained quiet and perfect order prevailed during the ceremony of the blessing.

As soon as the church was thrown open it was rapidly filled with the devout of the female sex, the men crowding the aisles. But the vast assemblage of the young men remained standing shoulder to shoulder in the streets, the hats off, bending their knees upon hearing the signal for the elevation, etc. From this it became evident that they had stationed themselves there to maintain good order, which his honor the Mayor could not guarantee. In this they were so successful that not the least disturbance occurred. The Most Rev. Dr. McEvelly, Bishop of Galway, being blessed with a beautiful voice and a cultivated musical ear, was the celebrant of the solemn Pontifical high mass, assisted by a full corps of officers, which in addition to the eighteen

Bishops in cope and mitre, and the sixty priests gave the whole an impressive solemnity. After the first gospel His Grace Dr. Croke preached a well prepared and most eloquent sermon on the "Dedication of the Temple of God." The voice of Dr. Croke is but of a moderate compass, yet clear and distinct. His gesticulation is dignified and at times rather vehement, and on the whole pleasing, but as an artistic elocutionist he is hardly mediocre. But the subject of the discourse, the development of the same, and the whole as a composition elicited great admiration. Haydn's Mass, No. 6, with an excellent orchestral accompaniment, was well rendered, and the singers acquitted themselves very creditably of their respective parts. A Miss Meenan sang an alto solo, "Ave Maria," in which she proved herself to be the possessor of a voice of extraordinary compass, taking G in the bass as easily as G in the second octave of the treble, singing within the two octaves with a fullness, power and skill that established her the queen of the day. Miss M.'s power of voice and her art in using it were confirmed in the Offertory-piece, in which the tenor sang so shockingly "false" that the whole threatened to be a failure. But she managed to cover the mistake so successfully that only one of the Bishops, none of the clergy and

surely not many of the congregation discovered the blunder.

The collection on that day was an important item, and at the offertory the celebrant and ministers and all in the sanctuary remained seated until the collectors had returned with their well filled baskets. Bishop Galberry and I were sitting on the gospel side in the sanctuary, in full view of the vast congregation. Imagine our consternation on seeing one of the collectors step into the sanctuary, presenting his basket to each of the Bishops, and the handsome rolls of bank-notes proved they were prepared for it. Such a thing never happens in the United States of America, and, hence, we suddenly found ourselves in an unpleasant predicament. Contrary to my custom at home, I was delighted in finding a few English sovereigns in my pocket and quickly handed Bishop Galberry one of them. This saved our embarrassment a little, and a slight blush of humiliation was the penalty. In conclusion after mass, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Dorian rose from his throne and made an eloquent address to the people, in which he expressed his great gratitude for the munificent collection taken up, stating that the amount, together with the fees at the door, amounted to over £2,500 sterling (\$12,000). Talk of poor Ireland after that!

No matter what array of Archbishops, Bishops and priests you could assemble for the dedication of a church in any one of the largest cities it would simply be folly even to hope for such a collection in rich America. We were informed that the collection taken up at the dedication of the new cathedral at Armagh equaled this. The service over and not intending to attend the dinner to be given in the seminary, I drove back to the hotel and found that it was half past three o'clock in the afternoon. It was a bright day and the weather so delightfully cool that the church was not uncomfortably warm, notwithstanding the immense crowd of people in it for five hours on the 12th day of August.

The city papers declare the new St. Patrick's cathedral "One of the finest churches in the United Kingdom," and no doubt, it is a handsome structure. It is built in the Roman style in the form of a cross and constructed of a very fine quality of limestone. It measures 126 feet in length and 102 feet in the transept, the whole appearing in good proportions. The site of the land did not permit greater dimensions.

This evening His Lordship Dr. Dorian gives the third and last dinner to his distinguished guests, who may remain that long in this city.

Among the several other churches in the city

St. Peter's is one of the larger and decidedly the most beautiful, the rest being very plain and unpretentious buildings. Having spent nearly one week and having had the honor of forming the acquaintance of so many of the worthy Hierarchy of Ireland within that time, we have concluded to accept the invitation of His Grace Dr. McGettigan of going with him to Armagh where we hope to arrive this evening.

C. H. B.

XXIX.

Armagh, Aug. 17, 1877.

The distance from Belfast is about thirty-three miles and direct railroad communication, the only unpleasantness being the change of cars at the junction of Partadown. Here we were delightfully surprised in seeing Mr. James Flattery and family on the platform waiting for the train from Dublin. They are from the city of Detroit and have spent nearly one year on the continent and in Ireland.

Armagh, as you know, is a very ancient city, for its first cathedral was built by St. Patrick in 455 and the Saint held the first Diocesan synod in this city in 448, the decrees of which are called "St. Patrick's canons" and still extant. The city is situated on the sloping sides of a gentle eminence, the summit of which is crowned by St. Patrick's cathedral, it forming the romantic center of a cluster of hills and mountains surrounding it. It is no wonder that the ancient Celts and St. Patrick selected this as a "Sacred spot," worthy to be consecrated to Him who by the creative "Fiat," called into being the beauty

of the place and the grandeur and majesty of the surrounding scenery.

The landlord at the hotel Charlemont, at which we stopped, informed us that there are two Catholic churches in this city: the new cathedral, which we observed on our arrival and is now pointed out to us; the second is the old chapel. Our informant now pointed to the upper portion of the city. Starting out for a walk, we looked about for the old chapel, and seeing but one church which bore the unmistakable signs of genuine Catholicity, we felt satisfied that we had found the old chapel. We had agreed with His Grace before parting that we would say mass at 7:30 this morning. We started in due time, came to the church, found the iron gate locked, and going to the rear or sanctuary gate it too, was locked and not a sign of life about it all. At a little distance I observed some men at work repairing the street, and, stepping forward, I inquired of a man when the doors of the church would be open.

The good man eyed me all over and replied, "I think yer Reverence is mistaken; sure, there is no mass in that church; come and I'll show ye the chapel." We were, innocently, it is true, in the act of taking possession of St. Patrick's cathedral, the foundation walls to-day being the very

same which were built by St. Patrick—the sanctuary for centuries in keeping of the disciples of Ireland's apostle, and the many saints who hallowed it with their prayers, and who here prepared themselves for their eternal triumph in the sanctuary of the Lamb. It is a grand old structure in the Gothic style of architecture, 183 feet long and built in the form of a cross, having a tower 150 feet high. This accounts for my astonishment last evening when looking at this building I said: "If this is the old chapel, it seems a pity for His Grace to have built the new." But we had failed in our worthy enterprise and submissively followed the young lady to whom our informant had committed us, down the hill until we came to the real old chapel. Here every door was opened and a happy little congregation was assembled to hear mass. Everything being prepared, I went immediately to the altar, prepared for mass and very soon I was invited by one of the priests to commence. At my mass some thirty persons received Holy Communion, and for a week day this was a proof of solid devotion.

The new cathedral stands on the summit of a hill, some higher than that of the old, nearly at the extreme end of the city towards the railroad station. It is a lofty and imposing structure,

built of stone and in the pointed Gothic style; while it appears more graceful and conspicuous, yet it wants the solidity, massiveness and venerable antiquity of the old St. Patrick's.

This city is said to be strongly protestant on account of the many humiliations it received in the repeated contests for its profession of faith. But, withal, at present, fully one-half the population is Catholic, the number of inhabitants being from nine to ten thousand.

In Belfast Mr. M. had invariably declined accepting any invitation for dinner, excepting the first of Rev. Fr. Brennan, but on our journey to this city he had formed such acquaintance and taken such a liking to His Grace, Dr. McGettigan, that he cheerfully accepted his invitation for four o'clock to-day. Upon our arrival at the humble Episcopal palace, His Grace, in company with five priests, extended us a cordial welcome, urging us to remain with them as long as possible. His Grace took Mr. M. into his special charge, a kindness which so surprised and flattered the old man, that he delights in rehearsing the noble qualities of the Archbishop. After the dinner His Grace made a pretty informal speech, to which I was obliged to reply in a similar informal way. This gave me the desired opportunity for a pleasant revenge "for the speech in Liver-

pool." Giving a gentle hint they all called for a speech from Mr. M. Arising reluctantly and stating his inability to address such an august company, he thanked them for the compliment and finished by saying: "Permit me the pleasure of stating that I have had a high regard for the Irish people, since my acquaintance with them, and that during my business career, among my best and most staunch friends have been the Irish." Of course I took pleasure in reminding him of his unkind speech in Liverpool, but the kindness, the generosity, the nobility witnessed within the last fortnight had so charmingly impressed him that he had entirely forgotten his former ideas, (or felt ashamed to father them). He insisted that the Irish people, in particular the clergy, are the best in the world.

On the morning of the 15th, a holy day of obligation here, I said the eight o'clock mass, immediately after the mass of His Grace, and was delighted that the Rev. Rector and I continued giving Holy Communion to the people for over thirty minutes. Even at this early mass the church was crowded to its utmost extent, and that by people who appear in comfortable circumstances in life, and are animated by a devout Christian spirit.

Our visit to Armagh was delightful, the kind-

ness received noble, and everything well calculated to leave a favorable impression. This afternoon we will start on our journey for the far famed province of Connaught, intending to stop in Mullingar over night for a better rest.

C. H. B.

XXX.

Galway, Aug. 18, 1877.

It was half past seven in the evening, when we arrived in Mullingar and were lodged in McCormick's Hotel. The landlady bade us welcome and promised to provide the best rooms for us at her disposition. The servant girl on the second floor was startled by seeing us, muttered some apology, and hastened down stairs. In a few minutes she and the landlady hastened up and we were shown into a fine front room which served as a private parlor to the adjoining bedroom. But the servant girl grew in her conviction as to our character, during the little time she spent arranging the things in our rooms.

The evening being rainy and disagreeable we settled down after supper for the rest of the evening. Presently we were delightfully surprised by the excellent music discoursed by the military band.

At a very unholy hour, four o'clock in the morning, I was awakened by an unearthly confusion of sounds, that I studied for a long time

and without success. What under the sun could the thing be? Such an everlasting quacking, such never-ending crowing, such murderous screaming and fluttering, and interminable cackling, it seemed as if the ducks, chickens, roosters and geese of creation held a monstrous mass meeting. There! listen to the squealing and the gentle bleating of the herds — *Et horrende dictu!* — the ominous and torturous brayings from hundreds of unpolished throats. I jumped up in the midst of this horrid concert, rushed to the window looking stealthily through the blinds, discovered to my great satisfaction that we were in the center of the great poultry market. The miserable little donkeys, who indulged in that tedious song, so indicative of themselves, were hitched to carts loaded down with chickens, ducks, geese, sheep and pigs. It was the first market of the kind I had ever seen, and therefore soon felt pacified about the disturbance and pleased with the sight. Mr. M. shared the same fate of being disturbed in his sleep, and having risen early, he gladly accepted my invitation of going out and inspecting the "Poultry fair," as it is called.

Returning from our devotional exercises of the morning, Mr. McCormick met us as we were entering the hotel and kindly took charge of Mr.

M. After a few minutes Mr. and Mrs. McCormick and their little family accompanied my old friend up stairs to my room. They all fell on their knees, asked for a blessing and thanking me, they all returned with the usual courtesy of reverence. After they had left, my old friend explained that the servant girl last evening had told the landlady that one of the gentlemen up stairs is either a Bishop or a priest of great dignity, and that Mrs. McCormick came down to him saying that she shared in the girl's opinion. Therefore he begged him to favor him with the information, which he did, and brought the whole family to my room. Our breakfast (which did great credit to the house) was served in my private parlor, and the landlady insisted on dividing the honor of waiting on us with the very kind and attentive servant girl. Now we were ready to "do the city."

The several ruins extant of the former noble and flourishing ecclesiastical institutions attest the antiquity of this city. But the Mullingar of to-day, neither in its public buildings nor private houses, nor church edifices indicates its ancient history. All has the appearance of newness and a good share of solid prosperity. It has but one spacious and long business street—the very one on which the public fairs are held. It is quite a

railroad center for the several roads branching to the north, east, west and south, and that, no doubt, adds greatly to its prosperity. His Lordship Dr. Nulty, Bishop of Meath, who resides here, had not returned from Belfast. The Catholic church is the finest and most spacious structure in the city, yet of no artistic merit. All the other churches are very plain and modest buildings for use and not for ornament; the same may be said of the other public buildings. The immediate surroundings of this city are not particularly interesting, but the landscape scenery along the railroad line from Armagh to Galway in its many variations is as beautiful and at times as grand as any we have seen in any country. To this the lakes of Erne, of Oughter, of Sheelin, of Owel and of Ree, which form the brilliant mirrors of the scenery, contribute their full share. Although the mountains here are not towering in the sky and their summits rest not in the playful embrace of the bright clouds, nor are threatened by the convulsive fury of the dark thunder clouds, yet the grace and beauty which they reflect, the cheering verdure which envelops them, the floral profusion which perfumes the atmosphere, give the picture a charm seldom surpassed. The imaginary ruin or ruins are not needed; the real, the beautiful and the grand old

ruins abound in the midst of these scenes; yes, if the artist is only faithful in the copy, the landscape will be perfect and challenge admiration. The moors are abundant in the vicinity of these lakes, and the manufacture of turf seems to be an important business, judging from the many smaller and larger pyramids of turf all along the road. After the surface earth has been removed the first layer of turf soil is of a whitish color, the second a dark brown, but the third layer at a depth of six or ten feet is jet black and makes a very solid cake of turf of the best quality. In this section of the country the turf-making seems to be the business of women, who do the digging and wheeling, but the children pile them up for drying in the same way as fresh brick is piled up in America.

Athlone is an interesting town on the railroad line, nearly evenly divided by the famous river Shannon, and near to lake Ree. The east half of the town is in the county Westmeath, the west half in the county Roscommon. It is said that the first bridge ever built in Ireland by Thorlough O'Connor, king of Connaught, in 1140, was the one across the Shannon at Athlone. There are four Catholic churches in this town and several Protestant places of worship. The two so-called Protestant or Episcopalian

churches are under the protection of the government. The military barracks, the ordinance yard, the magazines, the armory and the hospital, are important features in this town.

Galway, perhaps on account of the line of ocean steamers established between it and the United States, had gained admission into my imagination as a large, thrifty and grand old city. It proved a great delusion and disappointment. In former centuries it was quite a maritime city, enjoyed an extensive foreign trade, especially with Spain. But all this is of the past, and the failure in establishing the ocean steamship line has extinguished the last ray of hope in its resurrection, and what is worse, sunk the last "Pound" of spare capital. The trade of the city is carried on in a way to make a person fancy that those good people have entirely too much time on their hands, on the part of the seller as well as the buyer. The city is pretty evenly divided by the river Liffey, leaving the west side a village called Claddagh, inhabited by a peculiar and primitive race of people. Standing at the front window of our hotel, Mr. M. seemed to be in solemn contemplation of some subject, which he finally revealed by the remark, "My, gracious! I did not know that they had Indians in this country." He had accompanied His

Grace Dr. Purcell, of Cincinnati, to Cross village and saw the half-civilized Catholic Indians in our Diocese. Stepping up to him and looking out of the same window, I noticed that both the men and women of Claddagh in Galway dress and appear exactly like Indians.

We had been informed that about ten tons of salmon are annually taken out of the river Lorrrib; but I had not formed a remote idea of what I saw in this city every day. The whole of the river is literally packed with large fishes, not less than two feet long, and they stand so firm and solid that they cannot move either backward or forward, and it is but necessary to put your hand into the water, take a firm hold of one of those large and beautiful fish and throw it ashore. From this it is easy to infer that there is a heavy fine on the taking a salmon out of the river in this season.

Calling on His Lordship Dr. McEvilly, the Bishop of Galway and coadjutor to His Grace Dr. McHale, Archbishop of Tuam, we received a wholesouled welcome. Dr. McEvilly having made excellent studies and finished the prescribed course with great credit, and being the esteemed president of the Ecclesiastical Seminary of Tuam, is a man of no ordinary erudition. He is acknowledged as one of the ripest scholars

of the Irish Hierarchy. He kindly invited us to dine with him and enjoy the pleasure of meeting all the priests of the city at the Palace. There are but four churches in the city and all of them very plain humble structures, and they are served by four parish priests and seven curates. The religious educational institutions, in particular the Academy of the Sisters of Mercy, seem to be in a flourishing condition. The parochial schools, taught by the religious and supported by the government, were numerous attended, manifested good discipline and merited the praise of the reverend pastors.

C. H. B.

XXXI.

Limerick, Aug. 20, 1877.

As soon as we entered the county Clare on our way to Ennis, the general aspect of things began to brighten. The northern portion of this county is rather hilly and rocky, but towards the center the land appears good and the cultivation of the same appeared as if the people had made up their minds to have a decent crop.

The town of Ennis did not signify much in former years, but the railroad communication has given it new life, and such an impetus to trade that it leaves a happy impression on the stranger as a live place. The Catholic church, called the Bishop's parish church, is a large, plain edifice; the Episcopalian parish church is only remarkable on account of the grand old ruins of the Franciscan abbey of 1240, which stand there as a solid testimony of the impious robbery of this property by Protestantism.

But having passed from Clare into the county Limerick, the soil proves much richer, the coun-

try looks cheerful and the people seem to be more happy.

My first experience in the city of Limerick was a little unpleasant. I inquired in vain for a covered cab, and was obliged to take a jaunting car for my visit to His Lordship's Palace, two miles from the city. Rt. Rev. Dr. Butler not being in the palace nor in the city, I returned in the soaking rain and with an abominable coat of mud. We are informed that there are 44,000 inhabitants in the city of Limerick, and having communication with the sea by the river Shannon, its trade is lively, the display of commercial activity considerable, its harbor adorned with several large sailing vessels loading and unloading for home and foreign markets. The general impression of prosperity is confirmed by everything in and about the city.

It is believed that the old cathedral of Limerick had been erected on the very ground on which the Palace of King O'Brien stood. It is a massive, heavy looking structure, moss clad and sadly in need of repairs, the square tower remaining without the intended sign of redemption as its summit crown. It has shared the fate of all the most valuable monuments of ancient Catholic zeal in this country, and remains to-day in the hands of the descendants of the sacrilegious rob-

bers. The new cathedral is in the extreme end of the city, called old town, and does not claim any architectural beauty, though a solid edifice.

The church of the Redemptionist Fathers is the most imposing church edifice in the city, built of stone, large in size and located on the most prominent street. The new church of the Dominican Friars is much smaller than that of the Redemptionists, but it rivals it in beauty, and is also pleasantly situated. The Augustinian Friars have converted the old theater into a very good temporary church, and being centrally located, it proves quite desirable and convenient for the Catholics at home and the strangers visiting the city. The reverend Fathers of this ancient and venerable order received us with every possible courtesy, extended profuse kindness and one of the fathers was appointed our guide in making the rounds of inspection in and about the city. As Bishop Galberry had been a member of the Augustinian Friars before his appointment to the See of Hartford, Connecticut, and being still interested in the good and noble work of the order, he was a welcome guest in every monastery, and we had the pleasure of again meeting His Lordship here. He is accompanied by the Rev. Thomas Synnott, a native of Ireland, but one of the worthy priests of the

diocese of Hartford, and truly a pleasant, agreeable and delightful traveling companion. This adds anew to the delight of our trip, and not a little to our enjoyment in Ireland.

The weather continues charmingly pleasant and cool, though the incessant rains mar the enjoyment somewhat until the secret is revealed that a sound drenching in this country is not followed by a dangerous chill or a fearful cold, as it usually happens in America. To date we have had only one bright, clear day in this month and many of the other nineteen days were rainy from early morning till a late hour in the evening. The use of umbrellas is among the rare luxuries in Ireland, consequently it is not in use among the lower, seldom among the middle classes, and not frequently among the gentry and nobility. The females of the first order employ one of their skirts as a substitute, of the second class use the shawl or skirt for the same purpose, but the third and fourth substitute a peculiar water-proof cloak as a protection. This at once explained the oddity of very honorable Irish women in America, who create no little amusement to the young and old by walking the streets in a thunder storm of a sweltering day with a blanket shawl or a winter cloak thrown over their heads. They imitate the gentry in the old

country. The heat being very moderate even in midsummer, the men wear pretty heavy clothing and in consequence do not heed an ordinary shower of rain, and those in better financial circumstances are protected by robes of frieze, which effectively resist a pretty heavy storm of rain.

Before parting with our esteemed American friends, we agreed to meet them again on St. Augustine's feast (August 28) in the city of Cork, and join in the celebration of the feast with the Augustinian Friars.

C. H. B.

XXXII.

Cork, Aug. 24, 1877.

You may recollect the story of His Grace the Archbishop of Cincinnati, who was chosen an arbiter between a mother and her son. The son had engaged himself to marry an estimable young lady, and informing his mother of his intention, she vehemently objected to such a step. The young man, having exhausted his arguments without satisfying his mother in the least, suggested to go to the Archbishop and that they both should abide by his decision. Both being seated in the parlor of His Grace, the mother advanced the several reasons for her objections to the marriage of her son to the young lady in question, clinching all in the following words:

“And, My Lord, what is worse than all, she is a bloody Corkonian !”

As soon as His Grace had recovered from the shock he asked:

“Well, my good woman, what do you think of me? Do you think me a pretty good man ?”

She promptly replied, “Yes, My Lord, you are a good and holy man.”

"But, my good woman, I must inform you that I am a Corkonian!"

This so calmed the mother that she unhesitatingly answered:

"Then, My Lord, in the name of God, let them be married!"

Here we are in the city of Cork, and as regards population, wealth and commerce it ranks second of all the cities in Ireland. It lies in the center of a valley, surrounded by hills of various, but moderate elevations and the scenery which environs it is as replete in variety as it is beautiful. The picturesque river Lee flows through the heart of the city, and is crossed by nine very fine bridges.

His Lordship Dr. Delaney, Bishop of Cork, resides in a simple Palace on the banks of the river Lee, about three miles from the city. It is situated on a bluff of the river bank, commanding a charming view of the surrounding country for several miles. I secured a cab and drove out to pay my respects to His Lordship, but did not find him at home. The beauty and grandeur of the scenery beheld from the summit of the hills over which we were driving was superb, the city in the valley, on both sides of the river looks cheerful and handsome, the whole makes a more pleasing and happy impression than any

city we have visited in Ireland. Our next drive was on the opposite side of the river for the purpose of seeing the Queen's college. It is on the brow of a beautiful hill, the grounds surrounding it are tastefully arranged, the buildings are solid and artistic, and everything well calculated to make the institution attractive. The views again spread out before us as we returned, were as delightful and charming as they had been from the other side of the river.

His Lordship Dr. Delaney had hastened to return my call and was at the hotel on our return. He extended an invitation to dine with him at 5 P. M., which we accepted.

We next enjoyed a walk through South Mall and St. Patrick street, and along the river Lee where the warehouses and wholesale business establishments are, and rejoiced in beholding everything so bright, that the conviction grew on us of the fair prosperity of the city, and the majority of its inhabitants. It is true, however, that in the suburbs and many of the minor streets and lanes, there is a sad evidence of poverty and an apparent wretched disorder among the people.

None of the public buildings in this city struck us as being of any architectural beauty, though several of them are somewhat imposing on account of their dimensions and massiveness.

By the advice of Rev. D. O'Meara, of Mobile, Ala., who is a native of this city, we took the train to Black Rock station, which is within a ten minute walk of the Episcopal palace, and were delighted, being introduced by His Lordship to the six priests invited to join us in the enjoyment of the dinner. One of the reverend gentlemen was the Vicar General, one the Dean, two were Canons and the other two parish priests. As it is customary, after dinner some speeches were indulged in, and I am happy in recording that Rt. Rev. Dr. Delaney is remarkably felicitous in his extempore after-dinner speeches. Having spent a delightful evening in this charming clerical company, we boarded the 10:15 train and arrived at a late hour at the "Royal Victoria."

Our first excursion was to the far-famed lakes of Killarney, which we greeted in a drenching shower. The railroad from Mallow to Killarney follows the valley, displaying a mountain scenery on the left which fills the traveler with ecstatic admiration. The heavy clouds now hovering over the summits of the mountains, now enveloping them in their angry embrace, now playfully sweeping over and exhibiting them to full view, seemed to sport in displaying nature's grandeur. The town of Killarney indulges in only one prom-

inent street, one respectable hotel and one plain stone structure, the Munster bank. The generality of residences and houses are very modest edifices, yet very solid, and, no doubt, comfortable. The lakes are from ten to fifteen minutes drive from the town, and the principal hotels are on their borders. Among the highly recommended was the "Royal Victoria," which we selected, no doubt, in anticipation that it would compare favorably with the one of the same name in the city of Cork. In this we were soon undeceived, for we were informed by the landlord that the house is full, and that but one room in the third story could be spared for both of us. The rain continued to pour from the clouds, the omnibus had left, and we had not the courage to mount one of the several jaunting cars standing ready to carry passengers; hence, we concluded to accept the offer made and stay. The third story (garret) room happened to face the lakes and we enjoyed the charming views spread out before us, from our windows for several hours. It was a succession of indescribable grandeur, and the variety in the majestic marvels of light and shade would have enraptured the artist and baffled his skill and genius. In particular, at the moment when a heavy, distant rolling of thunder directed our attention to the clouds as dark as midnight,

and seemingly not a hundred feet high, encircled the mountains, at times dividing and dissolving into a haze, which floated down to the foot of the mountain; at times the summit of one and the other would be lit up by the brilliant rays of the sun, whilst the enraged flashing of the lightning was spending its fury from the intense darkness which enveloped the other mountains. It seemed as if all the elements conspired in displaying the magnificence of the picturesque scenery encompassing the lakes of Killarney. A person coming from the region of the great lakes bordering the shores of Michigan, and familiar with the thousands of inland lakes in the state, far more extensive in length, width and depth than these, sees nothing to admire in the insignificant expanse of water in the lakes of Killarney. The domains about the lakes belong to the Earl of Demesne, who has spent a fortune in laying and keeping in repair the splendid roads in every desirable direction to and from the lakes. The park on the western side of the lakes, in the centre of which is the palace of the Earl of Demesne, is a model of landscape gardening, a gem of beauty, and open for the enjoyment of visitors, together with the extensive deer park, in which several hundred of the "Fleet-footed" sport. They are divided into three distinct

lakes. The entire length is nine miles, and the greatest length three miles. They are dotted with forty-two small islands, which greatly add to their beauty. The driver of our car proved to be a man of original humor, and seemed supremely happy in entertaining us with the many "Munchhausen-like" adventures and the endless legions and ghastly stories in connection with the lakes. As a token of his good will he volunteered to drive us to the summit of the mountain on the opposite side of the lakes, "from where yer honor will see the whole country." Here, sure enough, we made the discovery that the grand scenes, which we had admired for nearly forty miles along the railroad line to Killarney; and, from where we were now standing, continued some twenty miles more to Tralee, are a stupendous chain of mountains, sixty miles in length.

On our return from the lakes, we stopped over in the town of Mallow, the birthplace of His Grace Dr. Purcell, Archbishop of Cincinnati, O. It is a town of about 5,000 inhabitants, situated on the romantic banks of the river Blackwater, which winds its course along the chain of mountains above mentioned. By name His Grace was known to everybody, his friends were

few, and of his relations, only one, a blacksmith, announced himself a cousin.

I do not flatter myself having fairly introduced you to Cork or Killarney, yet I am obliged to conclude this letter, owing to the late hour of the night.

C. H. B.

XXXIII.

Cork, Aug. 28, 1877.

Our excursion to the village of Blarney proved not the least interesting event. We had been informed of the disappointment of the many visitors in finding the castle and its grounds closed against all. On that account, I sent my card and note to the agent on the previous day, requesting the privilege of seeing the scene of many historical events, but did not receive an answer. It is a delightful drive of four miles, and we were resolved to see all we could of the famous place. For that reason we turned off from the road to drive all around the castle grounds before coming to the front gate. We were amused to see our friends, Rt Rev. Dr. Galberry and Rev. Thomas Synnott, at the gate in the act of turning back disappointed. Alighting from the car and shaking hands with them, they told me that it would be simply useless to give myself the trouble of persuading the young woman who acted as gatekeeper. Notwithstanding this discouragement, I addressed the good woman, who politely favored me with the

expected refusal. She held a card in her hand, and eyeing it closely I discerned it to be the one I had sent to the agent.

"Pardon me, madam, whose card do you hold in your hand?" I asked, and she replied by the question:

"My Lord, is it your card?"

Answering in the affirmative, she unlocked and swung open the massive gate, saying that we had full liberty to see the grounds and castle. Of course Bishop Galberry now belonged to our party and he drove into the grounds. The well-preserved ruins of the ancient castle stand on an isolated limestone rock at the junction of the rivers Blarney and Comane. It was erected in the 15th century, as attested by the Latin inscription on the far-famed "Blarneystone." This is on the northeast angle of the castle, about fifteen or twenty feet from the top of the building. It had been broken, the two pieces were held together by a heavy bar of iron. The stone stairway leading up to this stone of magic qualities is in a good state of preservation and we experienced no difficulty in ascending. But having reached the highest point, we were astonished to find the mystic stone entirely out of reach, and the oft repeated ceremony an impossibility. The proper salutes were made by one

and all, and we came down well satisfied, having "Kissed the veritable Blarneystone." Beneath the castle there are several interesting caves, which we took pleasure in exploring, and the extensive and pretty laid-out groves, surrounding the new castle of Blarney having been surveyed, we took leave of the good woman in charge of them by the looked for gratuity of half a crown, for which she showered thousands of blessings on us.

As we came back to the front gate, we were surprised by the disappearance of our jaunting cars, but the young woman stepped forward and pointed out an Inn a few rods distant, to which they had gone to feed the horses. We expressed our gratitude to this woman by giving her a half crown piece, for which she, too, favored us with many blessings. Coming to the inn the young landlady, dressed in Sunday attire, met us at the door, conducted us up stairs and begged us to be seated at a table sumptuously supplied with refreshments. Our driver had learned from the gate-keeper who we were, and was now at his best to do himself honor. Of course, we ordered suitable refreshments for him. Whilst we were resting and enjoying the excellent lunch, we heard some loud talking, and among other things our driver said:

"Of course, you wouldn't be let into the grounds with a lot of dirty preachers, but if you had gentlemen of high standing, as I have, you'd have no trouble getting in. Mike let us drink to the health of the gentlemen I'm driving."

The village of Blarney has but a small, poor-looking church, and numbers not quite 300 inhabitants.

The feast of St. Augustine, the patron saint of the Augustinian Friars was celebrated with great solemnity, His Lordship Dr. Delaney assisting in Pontifical robes. Dr. Galberry and I occupying seats in the sanctuary, surrounded by all the priests of the city. The convent chapel, as it is called, is a pretty handsome and large church, but on this occasion it could not accommodate half the people who desired to attend the services.

The Bishops and priests were all invited to dinner at five o'clock in the monastery, which was a sumptuous affair, and did great honor to the Augustinian Friars. Vespers had been announced for 7:30 P. M., and, consequently, no speech making.

We had the pleasure of meeting Messrs. Barrett, of Bay City, Mich.; Flattery and son, from Detroit, Mich., and Rev. F. O'Donoghue, C. M., in this city. Mr. Barrett met with an accident,

spraining his ankle, which seriously disappointed him in the pleasure he hoped to enjoy in becoming more extensively acquainted with his native country. One day he was walking along St. Patrick's street, when His Lordship Dr. Delaney drove by in his carriage, and, very properly, he saluted the Bishop, who stopped his carriage and entered into a very pleasant conversation with him. On the following day His Lordship expressed his regret to me that my Vicar General had met with such a sad accident. This will amuse the Barrett family and friends in Bay City if they have the good luck to hear of the event.

There is a pleasure steamer on the river Lee, which takes the excursionists every morning down through the various ramifications of the Cork harbor. We joined the party one fine morning at 10 o'clock and spent a delightful half-day in the enjoyment of the many charming scenes, the almost innumerable islands, the grand fortifications, the magnificent magazines and military storehouses, and the gloomy and isolated islands, the prison for great criminals which is called Spike island, and below the great island on which is Queenstown. The new cathedral, in course of completion, is a beautiful structure in the Gothic style and it seemed too large for all the inhabitants of Queenstown. They have

taxed the charity of both America, Australia and Ireland for this church edifice, and it may be considered to be about half finished. From a business point of view this city would appear tolerably prosperous, yet poverty abounds, but the situation of the city with its romantic and picturesque surroundings is enchantingly beautiful.

His Lordship Dr. Delaney has insisted on Rt. Rev. Dr. Galberry and myself, in company with our American friends, honoring him with our presence to-morrow at 5 o'clock at the farewell dinner which he proposes to give, and we could not refuse.

We engaged our return passage on the "City of Berlin" a month in advance and the disappointment of Mr. J. F. and family in obtaining passage, proves our prudence to have been well exercised.

In Queenstown on the "City of Berlin" we will meet Revs. S. and A. of our party, and from here Rt. Rev. Dr. Galberry, Revs. Synnott, O'Donoghue and O'Meara will accompany us on the morning of the 30th of August for Queenstown and our return home. Adieu! C. H. B.

~~~~~THE~~~~~  
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